

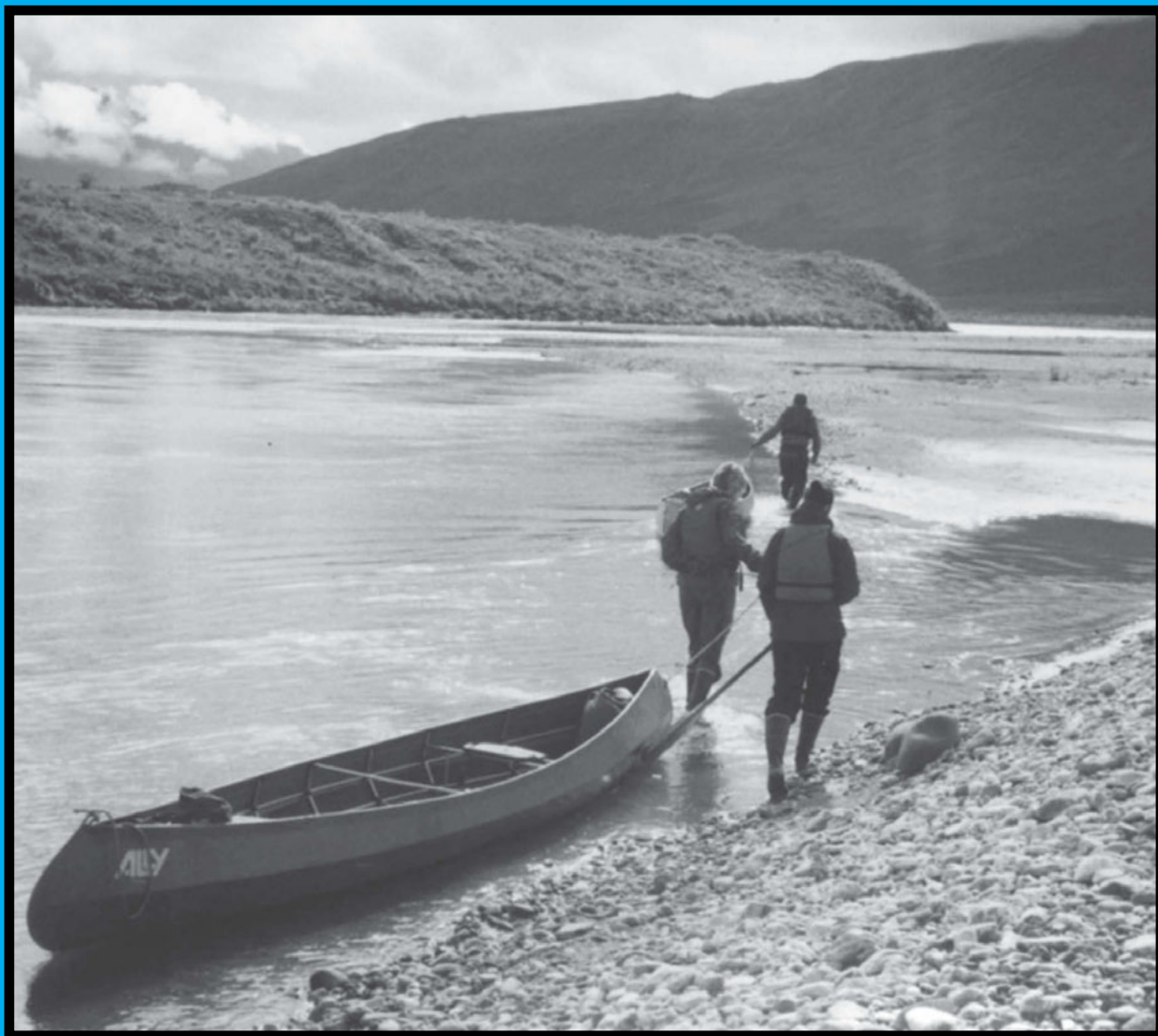


# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 30 – Number 3

July 2012

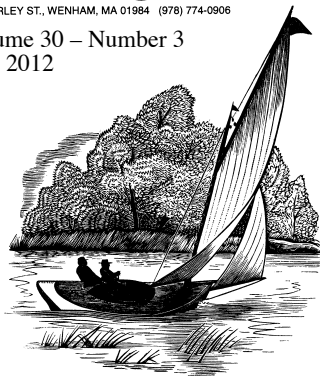
**Special Features This Issue**  
Crystal River Small Boat Bash  
Canoeing the Noatak River  
Never Buy a Boat Sight Unseen!  
NW School of Wooden Boatbuilding



# messing about in **BOATS**

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Volume 30 – Number 3  
July 2012



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Amongst the many stories about messing about in boats that come our way (and hence yours on these pages), those relating adventures from the writers' youth are particular appealing to me. It's that saying about "inside every aging male is a little boy trying to get out." Our memories of our youth tend to become romanticized as the years pass, the things we did (got away with) gain drama and we yearn to be able to regain that lost, carefree life.

It cannot be done, we know way too much about life as we age to experience that innocence, that sense of immortality that scorned any serious concern about the dangers or failures we might have encountered on some of those escapades. But it is great fun to read your nostalgia pieces because they bring to mind some of my own youthful adventures in activities that I undertook.

Since I did not get involved with small boats until I was almost 50 I just do not have any of those memories that include boats. The nearest would be a spring when I was maybe 10 or 11 when several of us hammered together some rafts from big planks we found at what was then the local gravel pit and launched them into the pond that had filled the low spots and engaged in naval battles involving the ancient Mediterranean technique of ramming.

As I recall my chief concern about falling into the icy water that spring was not hypothermia (what's that?) but having to explain to my mother when I came home soaked and frozen how I got that way as I had been expressly forbidden to play around that pond. My mother was a non-swimmer (as was I) and hence afraid of deep water. I do not recall being at all afraid of deep water at the time (ignorance is bliss).

By the time I decided I wanted to mess about in boats and took some sailing lessons locally in a 16' O'Day Daysailer at age 48, I was loaded with a whole bunch of what ifs about what might go wrong, which tend to adversely impact the potential thrill of being under sail. Gone was the carefree outlook of youth, middle aged concerns about safety and getting into trouble through inexperience reigned supreme. It was the new beginning that did this, not coming in the early years of my life when anything seemed possible.

I have no such concerns with continuing my motorcycling, which many view as inherently dangerous, as I know what I am doing after 60 years and what I can still get away with even in my old age. To those who offer me unsolicited advice today by urging me to "be careful," I now respond that I have not reached my 80s by being careless.

In addition to the carefree outlook on potential danger, another youthful attitude that we lose is the confidence that we can build something we decide we want to have. Many of your tales of youthful endeavors involve building first boats with whatever material is laying around. I love these stories for I have always been more of a builder than a buyer of things, the lifelong constraint of having, at best, marginal funds governing this. Robb White titled one of his books, *How to Build a Tin Canoe*, the title story about such a craft he built as a youth from the tin roof off a chicken coop. It was leaky and tippy but Robb mastered it and was afloat.

My own ongoing building efforts over the years have spanned a wide panorama of interests (in addition to the obligatory work on our home of now 56 years as I am very reluctant to pay someone to do what I can do, albeit not nearly as well perhaps). These do include several small boats, one of which, my Cockleshell kayak, is still awaiting the refurbishing it needs to get it on the water again this summer.

I have never felt intimidated in undertaking these building projects of any sort (ever since at age 7 I made my mother a bookcase from some old barn boards and she kept it in the living room until I had forgotten about it and gone on to other things) as I do not strive for perfection nor the admiration of my peers. One friend, who is afflicted with this perfection thing, describes my work as "once having reached the level of utility, all further progress ceases."

This carried over into my magazine publishing "career," this magazine is the current example. It long ago reached that level of utility and all further progress ceased, despite the suggestions from well meaning professionals for "improvements." I have gotten away with it for 52 years now. Perhaps it is because some of that little boy within trying to get out has succeeded!

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## On the Cover...

Regular contributor Dick Winslow extended his range of wilderness canoeing adventures last summer to Alaska's remote Brooks Range and its Noatak River. It was a big adventure for Dick in big country so we have given his report big space in this issue.



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## Vanishing Sail The Movie Trailer

Reviewed by Greg Grundtisch



*Vanishing Sail* is a movie that is set to be released in the fall of 2013. It is a documentary about trading by sail in the West Indies and traditional boat building in the Grenadines. The film is set mainly in the town of Carriacou in the Grenadines, where the last of these traditional builders still carry on their craft. The skills have been handed down over generations. These skills were first introduced by Scottish settlers in the early 19th century.

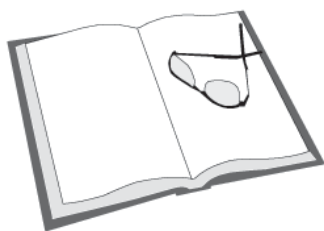
The sloops and schooners are built completely by hand on the beach. The materials are local woods found on the islands and the boats have no engines. Today, fathers still teach their sons to build and fish using the same traditional methods. These skills are vanishing as there is no longer a steady demand for them. The commercial trade is gone and the demand for boats has essentially gone as well, with a few exceptions.

There have been ten years of research in making this film and it is about 85% complete. The filming itself is complete. Included are interviews with the builders and those who sailed the vessels, for trade or fishing. There is also archival footage of building in the past and of present day building and restoring.

It is hoped that this movie will help bring awareness to this tradition of boat building, and help revive interest in the skills necessary to continue the craft before it is completely lost. There is some good news in that regard. In recent years there has been an increased interest in restoring and building some boats for the charter trade, and also for the regattas in the area, such as the Antigua Classic and the St Barts to West Indies Regatta.

*Vanishing Sail* has a website that describes all this in greater detail, and includes a three-minute trailer of the movie and some history of the area and the people involved. The web site is [vanishingsail.com/trailer.html](http://vanishingsail.com/trailer.html). It's worth a look.

Happy sails!



## Book Reviews

### People of the Sea

By Clarence Vautier  
Flanker Press LTD, St. John's, NL  
2011 - \$19.95  
Reviewed by Ron McIrvn

This is a book of sea stories occurring on the fishing grounds off the coast of Newfoundland, Labrador, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick. The stories are of the skippers and their crews obtained from family histories and photographs collected over the years. For the most part, fishing trips did well because these people were very good at what they did using the equipment that was available to them. However, there were times when trouble came and fisherman lost their lives. Some were never found.

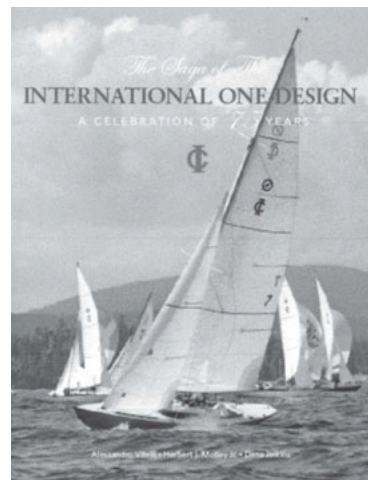
One morning in early April of 1931, the *Ronald B* was fishing on the Eastern portion of Rose Blanche Bank. The dories were lowered over the side and the crew began their normal task of setting out their trawls. Unfortunately, a little while later visibility decreased and one of the dories went astray from the schooner. Capt Miles and his crew searched the area but had no luck in finding the lost dory. The fishermen and their dory were never found. Capt Miles, in December of 1941, went on to relieve Capt Demone of the famous banking schooner *Bluenose*. He continued to command the *Bluenose* until May 1942.

About 10am one morning on the *MV Jean & Edith*, the cook had just put the bread in the oven when a fire was discovered in the engine room back aft. Capt Evans went to investigate the fire and discovered it was raging out of control not far from the main fuel tanks. If the tanks exploded it would be disastrous. The Capt sent a mayday and ordered the crew to abandon ship in the two dories. They were picked up by a Spanish trawler and gradually made their way back home to Newfoundland.

At 1am one March 21, the *MV Felix and Florence Hickey* was struck by a huge wave on the starboard side, listing the longliner to starboard. Capt Mackenzie informed the crew that the boat was sinking. Fortunately, a little while later, the damaged and water logged longliner was holding her own. After hours of pumping things seemed to be improving. However Capt Mackenzie sent a mayday anyway. The next day a tug secured a towline to the longliner and she was towed to the town of Shelburne. They were lucky as three earlier attempts to evacuate the crew from the longliner had failed.

This book contains 21 such interesting main stories plus several secondary stories. There is sufficient detail so that one can easily imagine what it was like to be a crew member on the trips described. There are 193 pictures and 214 pages of text.

## International One-Design History



The International One-design Class is pleased to announce completion of a multi-year project, a history of the first ISAF designated Classic Class.

The boats were designed by the Norwegian Naval Architect, Bjarne Aas of Frederikstad, in 1935 and first raced in 1937 making this the 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Class. Prominent Long Island Sound sailor Corny Shields was the moving force behind creation of the new class. Many of the America's Cup sailors in the 12-metre era came out of this class, which from the beginning has been known for its strict control of sail purchases, ensuring that all compete with identical sails in identical boats.

The boat was an early success, replacing the Six Metre class as a one-design boat with the same sailing characteristics. Today there are about 250 boats sailing in 11 fleets worldwide. Originally built of wood, fiberglass construction has created evenly matched GRP sisters racing in the same fleets.

As part of the Jubilee Celebration, the Class commissioned Concepts Publishing Inc. in Vermont to produce this book. Alessandro Vitelli and Dana Jenkins of CPI were joined by Past World Class President Herb Motley, who brought his extensive research on the boats to the project.

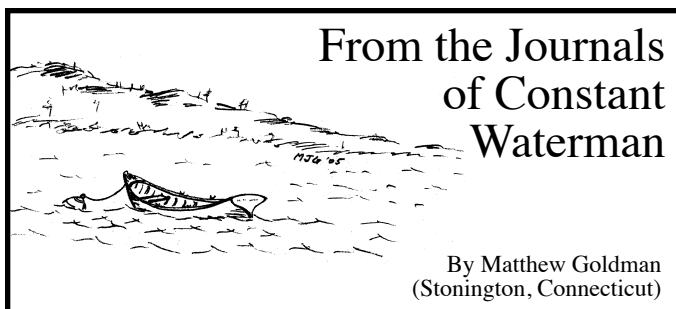
The major sections include an overall history of the creation and development of the class; a section on each of the 11 individual fleets from Sweden to San Francisco, a technical discussion of the evolution of the boats from the first 30 years when they were all constructed of wood in Frederikstad, Norway, to the conversion to fiberglass, and finally a complete registry of the 270 known boats with a cascading list of their owners from construction to the present day.

Visually lovely, the book has hundreds of photographs from the earliest roots in Bermuda to the present day.

Physically, the book is a 9"x12" coffee table volume of 210 pages. *The Saga of the International One-Design* can be purchased for US\$65 (plus shipping) online at [www.internationalonedesign.org](http://www.internationalonedesign.org). Deliveries will begin in May, 2012.

For further information or review copies, please contact Herb Motley at [herbmot@verizon.net](mailto:herbmot@verizon.net). There has been a fleet of Internationals at Marblehead, MA since 1938. Herb Motley had raced in that fleet since 1977.





Yesterday it struggled to fifty degrees - the usual mix of sun and clouds with a few raucous seagulls thrown in to keep the mix lively. We put on our long johns, clipped our cell phones to them, and drove down to the boatyard. Our poor old boat shop in Noank is gradually being dismantled. The shed on the north side has been removed and the heavy electrical conduits, which ran both through and beneath it, have been separated from the wreckage. These will be rerouted to the nearest building. For now, these cables ramp up out of a shallow, clawed-out depression, half filled with litter and broken glass and shingles. The clapboards where the shed was attached have mostly come away, leaving a half open wall the length of the building, displaying hanging bits of board and bedraggled insulation.

We parked across the way from our ruined shop. The double doors have been pried from the front, and we could look in at all the pathetic trash about the floor, and see, through the broken back windows, the piers and pilings and winter water beyond. The privacy of our old shop has been violated: a bereft old woman holding her skirts to her face to hide her anguish, exposing instead what no one would willingly see.

We averted our gaze and sidled to the next pier where *MoonWind*, my 26' Chris Craft sloop, lay patiently in her slip. As always, she greeted us gladly, eager to venture out, if only within the confines of Fishers Island Sound. I backed her out of the slip, turned, and motored into the channel. There was no one about. The boats at the piers were unpeopled; the moorings vacant.

But, out in the sound, three other sloops, two small commercial fishermen, and a solitary lobsterman took advantage of the mild afternoon. The wind blew gently, the tide ran out, the cool sun glimmered amid a straggle of clouds. I set a course for Flat Hammock, along the eastern edge of the shimmer, and crossed the placid sound.

Every so often, I had to swerve for a straining lobster pot buoy. The lobsterman, just ahead of me, tended his traps; circle, stop, pull up a pot, remove a few outraged lobsters, check the bait, slide the pot over the rail. This time of year, there are pot buoys everywhere. They nearly encroach on the channels. I presume my skeg and rudder will deflect the warps, though one time they did not. This isn't a good time of year to go over the side to disengage a pot warp from my rudder.

We entered West Harbor at Fishers Island and went as far as Goose Island. Between this sandy islet and the shore is a tenuous channel, indifferently marked. We need to know just where to zag; or was it zig? As the tide was rapidly running out, I came about without attempting the passage.

We slowly traipsed out of West Harbor. The outermost marks lie quarter of a mile apart. I headed for the green can. South of this squats West Clump: a clutch of rocks just covered at high water. Yesterday, with the tide half out, they were nearly all exposed and draped with seals. I rounded the can and we drifted by the rocks. The seals proved both curious and prudent. After they slipped or rolled into the water, they stuck up their sleek, wet heads and watched us intently. I, also, proved both curious and prudent. I kept several yards away from the rocks; I've been aground on West Clump and was not amused. One of the seals swam halfway out to *MoonWind* and poked up her head, but we hadn't any treats with which to tempt her. We turned and wafted across to our marina.

The lobsterman continued to pull his pots. The two fishing boats lay together, end for end, sharing some coffee and taking a needful break from hauling nets. We entered the channel, passed Mouse Island, and whispered by the breakwater. The inner harbor scarcely divulged a ripple. One of the sloops, secure in her slip, was getting squared away; the other two followed us in. I put the motor into neutral and coasted into our slip.

The seals languidly held West Clump in place. The reclining breeze suspired. The ebb tide gradually slackened, and the sound resolved into slate and silver dimples. The lighthouse on North Dump-ling posed: a statuesque silhouette. The molten sun spilled slowly into the sea.

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### Sail on the Gundalow

Our gundalow, the *Piscataqua*, is offering three trips a day, five days a week (Thursdays–Mondays) until October 31 from Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Be among the first to experience sailing on the gundalow! Check out the summer schedule on our website at: [www.gundalow.org](http://www.gundalow.org).

Concerts and special presentations during the Thursday sunset sails will feature either live, local music or speakers on environmental issues and cultural and maritime heritage. Tickets for these public day sails are available now through our website. On July 13 the *Piscataqua* will be in the Tall Ships Parade and tickets for that special sail are available now too.

The Gundalow Co, Portsmouth, NH

### O'Day RONDAYvous

The 10<sup>th</sup> annual O'Day owners RONDAYvous takes place this year at Cedar Island Marina in Clinton, Connecticut, July 13-15. The event, which has become a Northeast sailors' tradition since it was launched in 2003, is for current, past and prospective O'Day owners. Over the years they have attended in everything from an O'Day Javelin to a 40-footer, in locations (a new one every year) from the mid-Hudson Valley to the eastern end of Long Island.

Contact Pete at [pooby\\_99@yahoo.com](mailto:pooby_99@yahoo.com) for more information, and the marina at (860) 669-8681 to reserve a slip.

### Jaws Fest

This tribute to this iconic film takes place August 9-12 on Martha's Vineyard. The film was shot entirely on Martha's Vineyard in the spring/summer of 1974. This celebration includes presentations by original cast and crew members, a museum-style exhibit of *Jaws* memorabilia, a shark conservation exhibit and tributes to Robert Shaw, Roy Scheider and Peter Benchley, followed by a screening of *Jaws* on a big screen in Ocean Park, Oak Bluffs.

Any readers who consider themselves to be *Jaws* fans who might want to learn more should contact Jill Rose at (781) 639-0095 (office), (791) 710-8181 (mobile) or [Cqjawsfest](https://twitter.com/Cqjawsfest) (Twitter).

## Information of Interest...

### Catboat Mooring Technique

In the May 2012 issue, "You write to us about..." Joseph Ress, Waban, Massachusetts, is seeking a way to pick up and attach to his mooring from the cockpit of his catboat. He has already described his way of anchoring from the cockpit. The mooring pickup is done just the same. Run a length of mooring line from the mooring bit or cleat through

the bow chock and aft to the cockpit. Splice on a large snap hook, such as the ones found in a hardware store for use on come-a-longs. Secure the hook on deck. Come head to wind alongside the mooring pickup buoy. Reach over for the mooring eye and snap on. Drop back on the mooring. When all cleared away, go forward and haul in the excess line and reset the pickup line for next time. If you forget the last steps, you're still secure, but hanging a bit long.

Nick Fast, Hilton Head Island, SC

## Opinions...

### A Lament for Our Changing Landscapes

Change and development, oh, the odious bywords of our times! It seems that the measure of all things good these days is growth without limit. To wit, city fathers everywhere continue to allow the relentless creep of new housing developments upon the lands surrounding our urban centres, congratulating themselves on their economic foresight.

In the Ottawa area, where I live, the insatiable building industry elite have surpassed the commuter traffic capacity of road infrastructures bearing east and west and are now turning their sights on the south, where new subdivisions are springing up everywhere in my distant town of Kemptville, even in the delicate wetland areas on the shores of the Rideau Canal, whose banks are increasingly populated by clusters of gaudy McMansions, irrevocably transforming the river's character from gently bucolic to sterilely urban.

Soon gigantic wind turbines will dominate our once pastoral rural landscapes, highways cutting across fields and forests will buzz heavily with traffic and our polluted rivers and lakes will be congested, with nary a place for duck or human to set foot. And the same is happening in the coastal realm, such as on Eastern Lake Ontario, where the last remaining near pristine places, the southern reaches of Prince Edward County and the beautiful offshore Main Duck Island, are slated for reinterpretation as ugly industrial vistas dominated by monstrous wind turbines forever despoiling the natural beauty of these ecologically and historically significant parts.

And if we moderns have so little regard for the aesthetic nature of things, shall we ultimately consider nature itself worthy of preservation? Foolish politicians to so mindlessly throw away the beautiful things in life.

Burton Blais, Kemptville, Ontario

## Projects...

### Pleased with Piscataqua Coverage

I'm pleased with the coverage you have been giving to the building of the gundalow *Piscataqua*. I'm particularly interested in its progress as I am probably the only living person who has been associated with the last four gundalows.

The *Fanny M*, which Edward Adams built in 1890, left her bones on the *Piscataqua*

River's bank at Dover Point, New Hampshire, where I used to climb over her in my youth.

In 1950, on Captain Adams' 90<sup>th</sup> birthday, we launched the *Driftwood*, a 40' replica of the early gundalows which I had a small part in building. Captain Adams had spent 17 years building her!

Then in the 1980s the 70' gundalow *Edward H. Adams*, which was designed by my brother Bud McIntosh, was built at Strawberry Banke in Portsmouth under his supervision.

And now the *Piscataqua*, the grandest of all gundalows, is afloat and will be teaching stewardship of Great Bay and the whole *Piscataqua* estuary.

Mac McIntosh, Dover, NH

### Twinsail Update

This past winter I got curious how my twinsail system would work on a longer kayak (this time with small amas), so over the last few months I put together the boat in the attached pic and will be getting some sailing time on it this spring and summer. I hope to write a couple short articles about messing about with it. So far in light to medium winds it's been quick and stable and usually draws a few curious onlookers.

Steve Curtiss, [curtoid@sbcglobal.net](mailto:curtoid@sbcglobal.net)



### Plans Finally Getting Used

Seasons come and go pretty quick since I've retired and so does the annual event of renewing my *MAIB* subscription. Hard to believe I have been reading your publication now for nearly 30 years. I gave the issues from the first 15 years to an interested subscriber who was willing to pay the shipping charges several years ago. Now I seem to have just as many issues hanging around the house. In all these years my enjoyment of the magazine hasn't changed one bit, well... maybe it has, I enjoy it more now!

I took a break from boat building this winter, however, my son Peter, who usually builds houses for a living, took an interest in boat building and I'm helping him put a Michalak designed sailboat together. I actually purchased the plans for this boat from Jim many years back but never got around to building it. Now Peter is building the boat so it's nice to see the plans finally getting used and another boat coming to life.

Rich Jakowski, Putnam, CT



### Oh No, Not Another Boat!

I bought another boat on (craigslist for \$100. I didn't want the boat really, I wanted the aluminum mast and boom along with the two sails, all in good, very usable condition. The boat is fiberglass and said to be built by C&C about 30 years ago. It's every bit of 30, likely closer to 40. I had planned to just scrap the boat and use the mast and sails on my peapod (turns out that is not a Highliner peapod). This latest boat was said to be a bare hull kit of unknown origin but it seemed too good to scrap, so I began to fix it up.

It had a balsa core bottom that was rotted inside. I just took off the top layer of fiberglass, scraped out the balsa and epoxied in new balsa. Just have to recover it with glass roving and finish, then sand and paint, and a nice little boat will be test sailed and then sold. I hope.

It's only 13', a good boat for learning to sail on. I was told that it was what a yacht club used it for before it was given to the man I bought it from. He had it kept in his garage for over 15 years. He and his son planned to fix it up, but his son ended up going away to college and then got work out of town and the boat stayed in the garage for years, holding lots of water. The core was saturated with over 70 pounds of water in the balsa. Half of the balsa was compost, it was so rotted. This may become a classic due to its age. Perhaps add to its value. Naomi gets a suspicious look when I try to rationalize it that way.

I have the masts from the schooner completely stripped of all the varnish and all the dark oxidation and now just have to give it one last finish sanding and then lay on multiple layers of new varnish. Three years of putting this off has/is finally getting close to the end. Have that going on outside the shop and the little sailboat nearing completion inside the shop.

Next in line is the skipjack to get ready for an early launch. It still needs a lighter mast, I was hoping the mast from the little sailboat would work, but it is 3' short. I've been looking for a used one but none are available at a reasonable cost, so far. Probably I will have to build a hollow one eventually. The tabernacle works well so rigging is much easier. A little more ballast will help too. I spent most of last summer's weekends at the flea market and weekdays at the Buffalo Maritime Center working on and getting their boats ready. Result was very little sailing of my own. I hope to reverse that this year and get out a lot more.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

### A Lifetime of Building

This year my younger fishing friend and I are going to build Six Hour Canoes in order to be able to fish the James River here in Virginia above Big Island. It will be a new experience for him but he is a decent woodworker.

In my younger days I built quite a few larger boats, the biggest being 34'. Most were 25'-27' for people in the crabbing trade on the Chesapeake where I lived. The 34' boat was too big a bite for the circumstances, physically and financially, so I sold it without engine and fittings. The 25'-27' footers were decked, but with open interiors, dead-rise workboats outboard powered.

Many rowboats and a few sailboats were also produced, all 16' or less. This all took place before Coast Guard regulations took a lot of the fun out of boat building.

Got married, had three kids, got taxed out of Maryland and ended up in Bedford County, Virginia. Told my wife I would never build another boat that two guys couldn't carry. Built a couple of strip canoes but I don't much like epoxy or polyester enough to generate enthusiasm for more. I still build small stuff, the Six Hour Canoes are next.

Phil Hackman, Huddleton, VA

## This Magazine...

### Remiss in Congratulating

I've been remiss in congratulating you on doing a wonderful job with *MAIB*. It really lights up the day when it arrives in our post box. We love the old article reprints, takes us back to relive old memories. Often I think of writing a letter of praise but then there were SO MANY good articles that I feel it's neglectful just to write and say we've enjoyed just one!

I especially loved your article in the March issue titled "Winter Cruising in the BVI ("25 Years Ago")." What a revelation to hear your "take" on the charter scene back then and to note the BVI chart drawn to scale over that of Massachusetts Bay.

Maureen Corkery, ShelterIsland, NY

### What a Thrill

What a thrill it was to receive your latest issue (May) of *MAIB* and see Burt VanDeusen's photo of his mom on the cover. Burt is one of our lead boatwrights, having helped to create the last two boats that we raffled off.

Then to turn to the page just past the centerfold and find much of our spring newsletter reproduced was a second delight. I would love to have you come to visit our boat shop sometime. We are on the edge of Gardners Bay just 50' from the water. With a nor'easter we get sprayed like a boat at sea. The boat shop is in full operation on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Ray Hartjen, East End Classic Boat Society, Amagansett, NY

### Quality of the Writing

Reading through the carton of back issues I received earlier this year from you I am amazed by the quality of the writing and the writers' command of the English language.

Martin Pflanz, Waco, TX

### The Magnitude of the Work

I've been a happy subscriber since the mid-1990s. With every issue I've basked in my enjoyment of articles I've found useful, interesting or entertaining. *MAIB* has been one of the constants in an otherwise chaotic life.

I've recently moved, and one opportunity of becoming housebound, without TV or Internet, has been going through old issues, rereading some articles and noting on the cover the particularly useful ones.

What finally struck me as I saw the issues stacking up is the magnitude of the work you have done. I'm sure there were many times when you thought, "Oh, no, not another one. Gimme a break!" But you have soldiered (sailored?) on, consistently and responsibly, sending out a once or twice a month gift to us subscribers. From the many comments that appear in each issue, I know you're appreciated far more than you actually hear about. Now I'm adding mine.

Since (I'm guessing here) you haven't made a fortune from this enterprise, you have literally been super generous with your time and talent. You have made it possible for legions of folks to benefit from the knowledge that you and others have accumulated the hard way so that we might not make some of the same mistakes.

Speaking of generosity, every reader who becomes a writer, sharing with all of us their experience, has donated significant amounts of time to getting it down on paper and sending it out to the *MAIB* community. I know a bit about how hard that can be, and I really appreciate all that as well.

Moving after 21 years at my old address has given me this opportunity and the motivation to write down the gratitude I've often felt but not expressed.

Robert W. Norris Port Charlotte, FL

## In Memoriam...

### In Remembrance of Neal Small and *Sagamore*

I was saddened to learn of Neal Small's passing over the bar. Up until a few years ago I had lost touch with the Smalls and *Sagamore* but then rediscovered them on the pages of *MAIB* and began an enjoyable correspondence with Neal.

His father, Captain Elmer Small, a Panama Canal pilot, with the help of a native boat builder, constructed *Sagamore* on the banks of the Panama Canal in the late '30s. They enjoyed her for a few years, then at the start of WWII the government took her over. At the end of the war she was returned to Captain Small in sad shape from total neglect.

I had sailed back to the Canal Zone around that time aboard my Atkin cutter *Starcrest* with all my hand tools aboard. Captain Small asked me if I'd do some repairs on *Sagamore*. *Starcrest* towed her across the Canal and I beached her, leaning against an old barge. I won't go into detail but it was a bit of a job rebuilding her transom between tides.

I hadn't met Neal personally because all during the war he was in school in the States while I was working in the government boat shop in Balboa, CZ. After the war Captain and Victoria Small moved to the States. We were terribly saddened by their tragic deaths in an automobile accident.

We'll tip a Mount Gay in memory of a great family! Fair winds and a broad reach to Fiddlers' Green!

Mac McIntosh, Dover, NH

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# Crystal River Small Boat Bash

Submitted by Dave Lucas

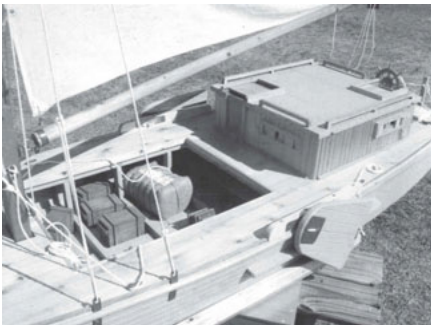
The week before Cedar Key the Crystal River gang had a small boat bash at which a number of interesting small boats were to be seen and used.



The 36' scow sloop under construction...



...and what she'll look like a year from now.



Interior details.

A Penobscot 14 under construction in the outdoor boat shop.



Attention to detail and fine craftsmanship!



Michael Burwell's coracle...

...and how it goes.



Doug Engh's just launched Penobscot 14.



Nick Lackey's sailing dory.



Steve Kingery's CLC Sasafass.

Mark's *Shark Bait* at rest.







Preston Water's 1936 Old Town wood/canvas canoe...



Whalen's Peep Hen.



Tom Buseniener readying to go out in his Phoenix II *Rascal*.



...and his CLC John's Sharpie ghosting into the river.



Jack Bosen's Ian Oughtred designed MacGregor 18.



Dave Grey of Polysails International displays his PD Racer sail.



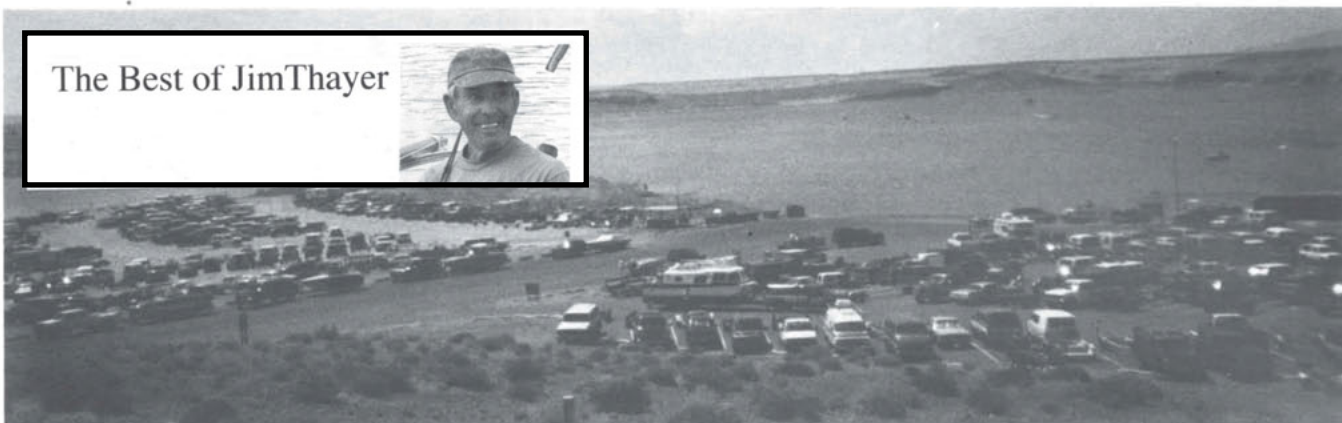
Simon Lewandowski's Goat Island Skiff.

Rob Hazard and Simon Lewandowski duel it out in their Goat Island Skiffs.





## The Best of JimThayer



# The Kokapelli Meet

By Jim Thayer

I can't say that I was disappointed with the crowd, since I constituted the whole of it. It would have been nice to have seen some other faces however. Since I was the only participant I suppose it devolves upon me to file the report.

What with one thing and another I never got away 'til Saturday noon. Pulling into Bullfrog at 5, I checked around to see if there was anything like a real sailboat in the place. A MacGregor 26 had just hauled out and over in the campground there were a couple of sailboards on a cartop and a 12 footer on a trailer. They didn't look like any of our gang. The campground had a number of attractive shady sites vacant so I opted to flake out and rest up from the rigors of the road. Eight and a half bucks and showers extra money down the road. A little steep but fair enough considering that otherwise the place is free.

Sunday: A day of rest. I laid around camp alternately reading and staring vacantly at the scene, with a short interval devoted to watching a lizard dig a hole, which, after much effort he abandoned. Mostly, I was just getting my money's worth.

Then, with a double priced bag of ice in the cooler, I headed for the primitive camp at the north end of the bay. I figured the southern unit was a good bet since the

info lady at the vc had been warning people away because of the sand. Well, no problem if you keep your speed up. We had a nice little cove all to ourselves with a snappy onshore breeze.

I took my time unloading and had a leisurely lunch. By the time I got the Limpet rigged the wind had dropped considerably but there was enough to beat slowly out of the cove. However, it soon fell nearly flat calm so I drifted back to the beach to engage in another favorite Lake Powell pastime, just lying half submerged in the water.

In time I was aroused by wave activity at the sensitive air water interface. Wind out of the NE. We beat up to the next long bay and then reached up to it's head. We were coming back and going gangbusters when there was a loud crack and my hat went by the board. The boom had broken. Luckily we had steerage way off the wind to recover the hat.

We cleared the first point just blowing along but we needed help for the next one. I got hold of the clew and we started making a course to clear the rocks. There was a big belly in the sail and it was impossible to get it tight so we had a lot of heeling moment. There was no way to sit out and there appeared to be great potential for getting wet. The sail got away a couple of times but we got enough drive to

clear the point and only missed our spot by a couple of boat lengths.

The break was a foot aft of the sheet block where the grain was less than perfect. The answer is heavier booms. This one was considerably heavier than the one I blew up at Keuka Lake. There is a good case to be made for aluminum booms since they don't fail catastrophically.

I took the Davis Turbometer to the top of a little hill and got consistent readings in the mid twenties with gusts into the low thirties. More wind than I really needed. I leaned up against the truck in the shade and zonked a few winks. When I straightened up the wind was much subdued and out of the east, right off the beach.

Hauling out a big ugly four-sided boom, I rigged up and blew away. We were just tooling along, soaking the rays, admiring the scenery and exclaiming over the glories of sailing. I was cutting between a point and an offlying rock when the board grounded. A williwaw came out of nowhere and we did a 360 in the blink of an eye. Lordy, deja vu all over again.

Beyond the point the wind was honking down the valley nearly as strong as before. The snorter was good and tight so I just feathered the sail and mooched along. Much less strain on the gear and the mind. Now that we had a rig we could trust we could relax and have some fun. Coming home the wind was right off the beach and very little room to tack. This is where a short boat with no skeg comes into her own. She's a neck-snapping tackler.

I could have gone sailing after supper but took a walk instead. High on a nearby hill, I could lay back, survey the scene and plan for the morrow.

Monday: A very leisurely breakfast produced only a flat calm. A second cup stirred some zephyrs out of the west. It's bound to pick up. Today was the day for a long exploration. Better mind the provisions. Four mealy apples (last of the crop), quarter jar of mildly rancid peanuts, small bag Country General free popcorn about a month old, but that's good because it looks like the sack has absorbed most of the nasty coconut oil. That and 12 liters of water should sustain life.

Top of the page: The crowd at Lake Powell. "They didn't look like any of our gang."

Left: Private launch at Farley Canyon.





The breeze was filling in and away we went, a mile maybe. Fry time. It was one of those days, blue ripples in the distance but they never come over here. The popcorn and apples were pretty good. Had a good beach soak, exposing some of the lily-white nether regions. A few weeks around here and I might be nicely browned all over. We finally got a little breeze to bring us home in style.

A boys' club had moved in next door and there were impressive cumulo nimbus building all around. Exit time. I loaded up, took a good bath and headed for a cool camp up in the Henerys. OK, I know, I should have tried turning some of the kids on to sailing.

Perched up on the side of Mt. Hillers, I could look down into Canyonlands and much of southeast Utah. Thirty miles to the SSW I could make out Bullfrog, and twenty miles east I could see a small piece of water near Hite, where we would be tomorrow. Incredible country!

Tuesday: Dawdled over breakfast, then crawled down a rather rough road to the highway and headed for Hite and a bag of ice. Dropping down the road into Farley canyon, just to check it out, we found a bunch of trailers and motorhomes. Thinking to give it a pass, I blundered down a sandy hill and into a good spot. Can I get out? Well, the thing to do is go sailing and worry about it tomorrow.

Backing down to launch, the Ford sank in deeper than I expected. The thing is so heavy that just stomping around doesn't give a good indication of ground support. I need a scientific instrument.

The wind was 6-8 with some up to 10. Just a nice breeze. The canyon is fairly straight and we got along with only a few tacks. There are no beaches and only a few stopping spots. I short tacked into one nice hidey hole and had a good soak. The water is colder up here and I barely got my bottom wet. The day has been mostly cloudy and the temperature pleasant.

I soon came to a large bay and concluded it was the main channel because of the number of bouys in sight. One canyon looks much like another here and the one I came out of had already disappeared. Better keep your wits about you here.

I reflected that long ago I had crossed the Colorado on an old Model A powered cable ferry, far below where I was now sailing. We had an ancient '33 Chevy that I had bought for \$45 just for the trip. A sign on the back said "Don't Pass, PUSH". I'm an old-timer for sure.

Evidently I had gotten into the lee of a large butte. The wind was here, there, and gone. I was quite some time getting back to my canyon where I was sure my good wind awaited. Sure enough it was on the job and just a little pushy for the one jibe run home. Seventeen minutes for something over two miles.

After supper the wind had moderated and I sailed around the lagoon under the noses of the poor power boaters who had been pounding the lake all day and now had to hover over their gas grills while keeping their drinks iced.

There was a great sunset. It's nearly ten o'clock and still light in the west, the longest day of the year. What's that? Something faint, musical, like a flute.

Wednesday: Backtracked five miles to get some ice. Such excursions are against my principles, but I rationalized it on the basis that I should call home base. White Canyon advised "No Boat Launch", a good omen. There were two washing machine cartons of firewood and not a camp in sight. I settled in for a good soak, which generated a jetski in a matter of minutes and eventually, a fitful wind. Well, it's bound to build. I had an early lunch and got on the water.

We started off great but not for long. Wanna buy a boat cheap, like for a cold drink? Actually, it's a fairly scenic canyon and I had plenty of time to anthropomorphize all the curious rocks. Four hours later I spotted the main channel and immediately put the helm up (up, down, who can tell?) and headed back.

Back in the narrow canyon I soon had a nice tail wind 'til I got to one corner where it disappeared. It eventually filled in from dead ahead. In the meantime I formulated the theory of negative and positive winds. When they meet they annihilate each other, leaving only still warm air. I lack the mathematics to develop this and it may not gain much currency outside the sailing community.

My boat, the magnificent and able Limpet, was originally built with a centerboard. I had knowingly put it quite far forward to gain cockpit space. It was fine in light air but developed a wicked weather helm in a blow. For this trip (essentially a R&D jaunt, remember) I had taken out the cb, plugged the pivot hole and stuck a daggerboard in the trunk. The board could be moved fore and aft and held in position with a spring clamp. The optimum position varies with wind speed, sail trim and boat loading. The problem was to decide on the best all-round position. With a power source, wind and level sensors, a load cell on the main sheet, and a servo motor, one could, no doubt, make the board self adjusting. Something to work on.

With a houseboat in the distance, I met two ladies on some sort of large floating mattress, just as a truly awesome blast

came along. I'm sure they thought my conveyance sheer madness, and, I in turn viewed theirs as a ticket to disaster. No doubt some power boat would come to rescue them. No life jackets I noted.

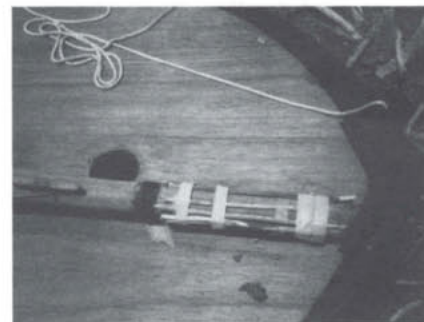
The last half mile was good steady high teen/low twenties which gave me a rousing good ride and a chance to play with the position of the board.

Big full moon tonight. The breeze blew quite warm 'til after dark, then turned cool and died. Me too.

Thursday: I took a long hike up the very senic White Canyon, then headed for home via the Bears Ears, the Big Notch (white knuckle cliffhanger), and 150 miles of rough dirt which pinpointed the structural deficiencies in my rack.

I hope the foregoing gives you some feel for Lake Powell. It is a truly awesome and magnificent place. You can camp anywhere and with treatment, drink the water. True, it's quite warm in summer, but nights are pleasant. At times, in the large bays the powerboats can be as thick as jellyfish in the Chesapeake, and just as welcome.

At the St. Michaels meet I discussed optimum Kokapelli times with fellow peripatetic, Hugh Horton. I had favored something like the first full moon after the second weekend of September. Hugh, being a practical fellow, thought a definite date, like the autumnal equinox would be better. So that's it. See you at Bullfrog on Sept 23.



Above: Bushing a Pumpkin mast to fit the Limpet.

Below: The Farley Canyon hidey-hole, just the Limpet and the landscape.







A panoramic view from the hills above the indomitable Noatak—winding, twisting, but always headed toward the sea.

“Bush pilots live on booze, nicotine, and caffeine,” remarked Scotty, an amiable bush pilot, as he gassed up his De Havilland Beaver floatplane for a flight from Bettles, Alaska, into the heart of the Brooks Range. I was surviving on adrenaline as Scotty revved the engine—first a stutter of power and then a steady hum to ensure a safe takeoff. One guide and five guests made up our party, an expedition organized and sponsored by Arctic Wild out of Fairbanks. We had arrived by van at Beaver Pond, dubbed Float Pond by the Bettles Flight Service personnel.



Chaosville, USA. Faced with a fifty-pound weight limit per person, the question is: what to take and what to leave behind. Ron and Linda jam as much as possible into their Arctic Wild waterproof dry bags.

As he prepares to fly off into the wilderness, bush pilot Scotty gasses up his floatplane, license number N1954J, at Float Pond.



## Canoeing the Noatak River

### In Alaska's Brooks Range: Home of Bush Pilots and Preserve of Grizzly Bears

By Richard E. Winslow III

Dedicated to Ron Yarnell  
Guide, Friend and Explorer



Leave your shoes on! No TSA guards and scanners here. Loading packs, supplies, food, and Ally Boat bags aboard the bush plane at Float Pond, Bettles, Alaska.

Soon we were airborne. Two planes were needed for the fly-in, with a fifty-pound limit per person for gear. On an upward draft, our planes cleared the dwarfed, stunted-by-long-winters trees at the end of the pond, and Scotty turned west. We were primed for an eighty-minute flight, the prelude to a twelve-day canoe trip from the headwaters of the Noatak River for about seventy-five miles downstream. After that, the river continues to flow west to the Chukchi Sea, an arm of the Arctic Ocean. It was early August 2011, with continuous daylight in the Arctic.

We were lucky to be in the air at all. Our earlier morning flight from Fairbanks had gone smoothly, only to have a rainstorm greet us at Bettles, a bush village north of the Arctic Circle. With steady rain and poor visibility, our party had been threatened

with a pitch-your-tent overnight encampment inside the Bettles hangar. To bide our time, we hiked along a dirt road to the native village of Evansville, with views of the coffee-colored Koyukuk River, carrying mud created by the storm.

But we lucked out, as an unexpected clearing in the weather during late afternoon allowed us to resume our trip. Morale soared when we got the word to board the planes. Once in the air, Scotty also was beaming with the good fortune of a tailwind to maximize our speed to 130 mph. Everyone felt a sense of euphoria while riding with him.

To me, Scotty exemplified the spirit of Alaska, a cheerful, boisterous, fun-loving fellow who belonged in a frontier state. He was probably in his late 20s, his blonde curls tumbling down the back of his neck. Every now and then, he would turn his head to the rear, as I was in a back seat. “The last party I flew out,” he said, “came out sunburned.”

As the scenery became more dramatic with straight-up snow-covered peaks and rivers flowing down the slopes to valleys below, Scotty became more animated. “We are over the Alatna River now,” he exclaimed over the roar of the engine. “Look! There’s a moose and her calf below.” We glanced down at the swampy Alatna, the landscape sprinkled with lakes everywhere.

The two moose were halfway across the river, braving the current. Yellow sunlight glanced off their maroon coats. Weather patterns stretched for hundreds of miles, rain showers, sunlight, and rainbows. To the south we could see the bladelikey Arrigetch Peaks, and to the north snow-covered nameless mountains. The immensity was overwhelming, a planet seemingly dominated by land and mountains, not by water and oceans.

Julia, a member of our party, sat in the copilot’s seat, next to Scotty. She was in her early thirties, over from her native Germany. After this adventure, she was moving on to a job in Switzerland. “Let’s go skiing in the Swiss Alps,” Scotty proposed to her. “We’ll exchange email addresses.” And so they did, at the end of the flight. Who knows, perhaps this brief encounter will eventually lead to a reunion on the ski slopes.





As the bush pilots prepare for takeoff to return to Bettles, our initial Portage Lake campsite is a sea of barrels and bags.



Resembling a hastily established gold prospectors' camp, Tent City, USA, springs up at Portage Lake.

After flying over Portage Pass, we circled Portage Lake, where Scotty made a perfect splash landing and taxied up to shore. As I gingerly descended the steel stepladder, Scotty offered me his shoulder and a hand grip. "I'll see you next year," I thanked him, "on the flight into Alatna."

After unloading our gear, we watched the two planes take flight, tip their wings in farewell, and head back toward Bettles. "There's no turning back now," I said to the group. We were alone. Ron, our guide, supervised setting up camp. He was all energy. "We'll assemble the canoes tomorrow," he announced.

Camp was a fairly level bench on the tundra, where our tents were pitched behind bushes to offer protection from the wind. We quickly realized that summer was gone, a raw, cold breeze was blowing toward us from the Bering Sea. Fall arrives early in the Arctic, and it felt like early October. "August is fall in the Brooks Range," said Ron, "or at least late summer." After doing our various camp chores, we assembled inside the cook tent for supper, using PFDs for seats.

In such an isolated place, one quickly becomes acquainted with the rest of the party. Along with Ron, the other four expeditioners were some of the most remarkable people I have ever met. Ranging in age from thirty to sixty years old, these restless wanderers had already gone everywhere, seen everything, and were far from finished. Mad, crazy, perhaps eager is a better word, to roam the world. Their enthusiasm was contagious, more powerful than any religious calling.

Ron, a Vietnam War Army veteran, was a man of Alaska. In his thirty years of guiding in the North, Ron had met or known quite a few North American explorers, bush pilots, and National Geographic writers and photographers. Once he shook hands with Bud Helmericks, the legendary bush pilot who died in 2010 at the age of ninety-three. Another

Garbed in winter gear with a rifle slung over his shoulder, guide Ron is totally prepared — for both the weather and the bears.



time he and a friend sat down to a Christmas dinner prepared by Margaret "Mardy" Murie, the first lady of Brooks Range exploration, at her home in Moose, Wyoming.

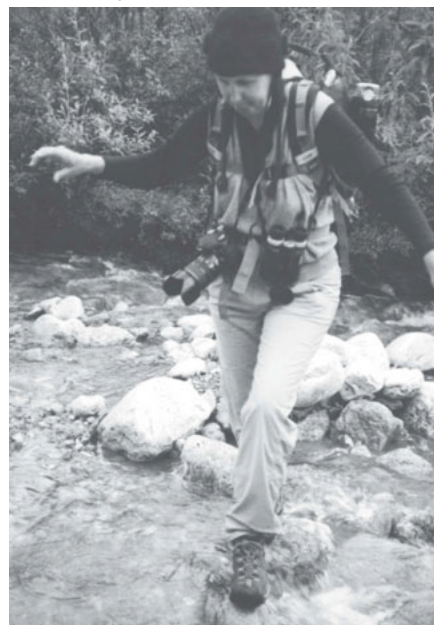
"You have to like people," Ron said, referring to the guiding profession. He apparently liked us, quickly becoming a friend to each member of the party. "And," he added, "I love Alaska", a heartfelt sentiment indeed, and one that became more and more evident throughout our trip.

Linda, a blonde woman in her early forties, was a nuclear engineer/physicist from Santa Fe, New Mexico. The daughter of a petroleum engineer, she had traveled all over the world. Given that upbringing, she has just kept on going. She had already been on two earlier Arctic Wild trips this summer, one to observe the bears at Katmai National Park and then a rafting trip on the Marsh Fork of the Canning River and onward to the Arctic Ocean.

After our Noatak River expedition, she was slated to head with Ron for the sand dunes of Kobuk Valley National Park for a few days, her fourth Arctic Wild venture in a single summer! Then she would be off on her own itinerary to the spectacular Wrangell Mountains, using the villages of McCarthy and Kennicott as bases to continue her wandering. "I love my independence," she said.

Julia had signed up for the Noatak trip just three weeks earlier. A longtime residency in Australia had given her an excellent command of English, and she loved hik-

One fall a day is normal. In a land of rude game trails and no bridges, Tori plants her feet, rock by rock, to cross a creek.



ing and mountaineering. This journey would add another skill to her repertoire, canoeing. She quickly showed her willingness to pitch in and help at every opportunity. "I want to be the assistant guide," she said, whereupon Ron promoted her on the spot.

Sandra and her cousin Tori were exceptionally talented. As a documentary filmmaker in New York City, Sandy had interviewed the families of Death Row inmates, a searing experience. Tori was an artist from Portland, Oregon. Both were superb photographers, and chefs, and Tori was also an accomplished fisherwoman. Prior to joining this expedition, Sandy had done little fishing, but as she anticipated the virtually unfished Noatak she was anxious to cast for an almost assured catch.

To our delight, and a plus for our physical conditioning, they led the party in warm-up tai chi exercises every morning, accompanied with singing. Such a cheerleading, gung-ho start animated us to forge on throughout the day.

For myself, I had mused about heading up to the Brooks Range for forty years. The writings of Bud Helmericks, conservationist Bob Marshall, and mountaineer Dave Roberts, among others, had long stirred my interest. "If I don't go now," I often said to myself, "I'll never go." When I finally arrived in the Brooks Range, I realized I should have made that decision and pursued that course of action years ago. I had waited far too long.

Describing a trip by a chronological "we paddled X-number of miles, set up camp in rain at Y-brook, and had Z for supper", the numbers approach, has appeal only to a guidebook statistician. In the Brooks Range, the mind flits incessantly, with instant reactions to sights and sounds. Such an impressionistic approach more intimately grasps the spirit of this great land.

In that light, there was another "member" of our expedition, the grizzly bear, perhaps not seen or heard but always on our minds. Each of us was issued a pepper-spray canister, which we always carried with us, even around camp. Ron instructed us at length on how to act if confronted. When entering heavy brush set back from a riverbank, we constantly yelled, "Hello, hello, hello," in a loud, agitated manner. When walking by a tent that was occupied, we identified ourselves. Otherwise, the tent dweller could mistake the footsteps as the rustle of a griz.

Bears have a fantastic sense of smell, which of course aids their search for food. Ron related a story that emphasized a bear's natural instinct to find food. "On one trip," Ron said, "a fisherman caught a fish, cleaned it, and, despite his thorough washing of the gear, some blood and oil residue evidently still lingered in the boat's interior.

The next day, a bear came through camp and headed straight for the fisherman's Klepper Kayak. With his teeth, he shredded the spray cover in his obsession to find food." Each night, we even took great care to deposit our personal toothpaste tubes in a hermetically sealed bag inside the cook tent.

The first sighting of our occasional expedition member had been back at Beaver Lake, but that was only momentary, as the grizzly fled without approaching us. The second sighting, early one evening, was something else. Except for Ron, the rest of us were just crawling into our sleeping bags. Outside Ron shouted, "Bear upstream," three or four times. Throwing on some clothes, we bolted out of our tents, canisters in hand.

In the luminous evening, we could see a massive griz swiping his paws in the water to snag salmon. He was unaware of us, our human scent downwind from his incredible nose. We hooted and hollered. With his muscular shoulder stride, the bear came right down toward our camp, and Ron walked cautiously ahead to confront him. At the last minute, apparently connecting with his instinct of insecurity, the bear wheeled around and scampered into the bushes in back of my tent.

This all took only a few seconds, but Julia was ecstatic, exclaiming, "This is what I have come for, to see a bear!" Traveling thousands of miles to be here, Julia had achieved her purpose, a sighting she could have never experienced in Europe. By contrast, another member of our party easily could have done without the whole episode, regarding it as potential danger, an unpleasant incident to avoid.

As a veteran of hundreds of bear sightings, Ron fired a blank from his shotgun to convince the grizzly to keep running. "This is only the second time in forty years," he said, "that I have had to fire a blank." (Ron also had live ammunition in the chamber as a backup.) To ensure a sense of safety in case the bear decided to circle around and head back toward us, Ron patrolled the camp, keeping watch for half an hour. Nothing happened and we and our provisions were safe.

As for our food, the meals were outstanding, and, thanks to sunlight twenty-four hours a day, we could eat anytime. We often ate breakfast at 10 AM., lunch in the field or on a riverbank at 4 PM, and supper anywhere from 10 PM to midnight. Ron was an accomplished field chef, producing great dishes based on freeze-dried or canned supplements with rice, pasta, and fish.

The others all wanted peppery sauces, so Ron obligingly kept my bland portion separate. Back in New England or in eastern Canada, the guide in charge generally serves up a steak dinner the first night out, but not here, heaven forbid! A rogue bear would likely smell the raw or cooked beef and soon arrive as an uninvited guest.

Julia had a favorite saying about finishing everything on our (plastic) plates. "In Europe, they said to the children, 'If you don't eat up, the weather will turn bad!'" We ate up, of course, but that attempt at trickery was not about to fool Mother Nature, as we had frequent cold showers.

Rain or shine, however, one ritual never changed. I was usually the second person up in the early morning, joining Ron as he scurried around to prepare breakfast. The minute the water reached a boil, he yelled out, "Coffee." That buzzword was even more effective than "Bear," "Caribou," or anything else. Almost immediately the four women stormed

out of their tents, grabbed their cups, and began drinking the magic stimulant. My beverage was tea, so I was never in their way.

The weather determined our every move, as it rained intermittently all but one or two days of our trip. The day after our arrival at Portage Lake dawned reasonably clear, so Ron decided to forgo assembling the Ally Boats and hike instead, taking advantage of the ideal conditions. Above the long slope, a jagged ridge loomed.

We would pick up a game trail now and then, but most of the hike involved planting our feet, one precise step after the other, to avoid a tumble over the talus, tussocks, or rocks in the washed-out or dried-up streambeds. Even before the hike started, we had already agreed: "Everyone is entitled to at least one fall a day."

I had told Ron and the others well in advance that I knew my limitations and would push on as far as I could. When we reached a high slope that was fairly level, with a blueberry patch nearby, I decided it was time to drop out. "I'll stay here until you return," I said. My canoeing-turned-hiking friends continued on, becoming smaller and smaller until they disappeared over the ridge.

There I was alone with my canister, day pack, and lunch. It didn't take long to devour my food. For dessert, all I had to do was kneel down and harvest blueberries. The cold weather had already withered the leaves, so many damaged of the bushes had hard and tough berries. A few bushes, however, yielded plump, tart berries, which in a matter of days would have shriveled and turned hard.

I was not the only one fond of blueberries. Grizzly bears also love this wilderness fruit, swiping their paws to snap off twigs, leaves, and berries and put the whole grab bag in their open mouths. Fortunately, I was in a fairly open area and would be able to spot them well in advance of any confrontation.

In front of me, the twisting Noatak spread out in its indomitable drive to the sea, with nothing to stop it. The river was a bit like a playful kid, looping, spreading into a braided stream at times, rejoining into one channel, but always moving forward.

Beyond the river, the mountains of the Brooks Range rose dramatically, as if slicing the sky with their knife-edge ridges. To the east, I recognized Mount Igikpak, some 8,510 feet high and not climbed until 1968. Its two fanglike summit prongs alternately appeared and disappeared as the clouds wreathed around them.

Directly in front, Oyukak Mountain loomed as a rounded peak. Its snowy summit gleamed a pale white, with a dirty glacier remnant clinging to its fluted slopes. "When I first came here," Ron had told us, "that whole mountain was covered with snow and ice, now it's just the top."

I could scan this incredible panorama up and down the valley for fifty miles in each direction, sunny splashes on some mountainsides, clouds, rain shrouds. My own unique view of a mini-universe. I lay there half-asleep with one eye open, satisfied with everything. My only concern was the chance appearance of an inquisitive bear competing for the blueberries, but none ever appeared.

I happened to gaze at the high ridge at exactly the right time to see my companions reappear in single file and then disappear behind a knob. Soon they scrambled down the talus slope to greet me. "I could see your red coat, Dick," Julia said, "so we knew you were still there."

The next morning, under overcast skies, we finally buckled down to the serious work, assembly of the Ally Boats. Ron predicted it would require three hours for the job. Manufactured in Norway, Ally canoes were new to me, so I paid close attention.

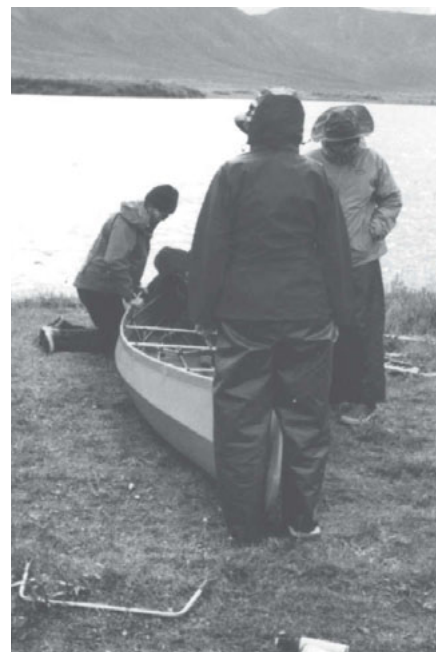
"The boats weigh about fifty-five pounds and have a tough vinyl skin and fit to an aluminum frame," Ron explained. "They cost \$2,500 each." Ron and the women began inserting the ribs and rods into the skins. Then they tapped each one with a mallet, vigorously at times, to connect the rod and the socket with an audible pop. It was always a tight fit, and occasionally an erroneously placed rib had to be repositioned. Then the seats were clipped in. Not being a mechanical engineer, I was assigned to hand over the parts as needed. A yellow bag contained all the repair items.



Ally Boat Assembly Line 101. Precision is mandatory in this outdoor class in constructing an Ally Boat.



After a three-hour construction adventure, the boats finally take shape and are ready for launching.







The fully assembled, stretched-tight Ally Boats are tipped on their sides to avoid collecting rainwater.

"On another trip, we had flown in and the pilot had left," Ron said. "Then, when we began to assemble the canoes, I discovered that we had 16' frames but only 14' skins to pull over them. Someone back in the shop in Fairbanks must have packed the wrong sizes of corresponding ribs and rods. It would have cost \$1,500 for a fly-in to bring in the skins of the right size, so I cut two feet off each of the frame poles to improvise a tight fit. When the trip was over, I fused the cut-off stubs back to the main poles." Thus, Ron's on-site fabrication saved that trip, both in time and money.

The next day, reasonably sunny and clear, we loaded the assembled Ally Boats with all our supplies, packs, and gear strapped with a waterproof tarp. If we dumped, our load would presumably stay with the canoe and remain dry.



With space at a premium, we anticipate a tight fit as we load our Ally Boats to begin the expedition.

Finally underway, our party paddles across Portage Lake, from which a short over-the-bank portage leads to our Noatak put-in.



First view of the Noatak River. Just as pristine as it was 10,000 years ago when the earliest peoples came upon it, the river surges westward toward the Bering Sea.

To reach the Noatak, we had to paddle a short distance across Portage Lake to the sand dune that had entrapped it (a kettle is the geological term) during the Ice Age. The take-out bank was so steep and muddy that Julia slipped back and fell into the water. She laughed it off, unhurt, chalking it up as a small price to pay for being able to canoe a great river.

After portaging and repacking the bulky loads, we reconvened at river's edge. The Fairbanks sleepovers, the bush-pilot flights, and the thousand-and-one details and logistics of the expedition faded away like an unnecessary, protracted prelude. Now we all felt rather like agitated racehorses, chafing at the bit to spring out of the starting gate.

I was thrilled to reach the Noatak (Inuit for "passage to the interior"), with silvery green water that gets its hue from fine rocky particles (known as glacial flour) washed into the river upstream. Its forward flow, never resting for one second, kept trenching deeper and deeper into the rock-pebble-sand bed to expose crumbling cliff banks. The river was moving along at the rate of three miles per hour. At times, the current picked up to 5 mph.

"Only about a hundred people a year paddle the Noatak," Ron said. Our party was among the favored few. As I took my first stroke with Ron in the stern, my mind drifted back to a favorite sentence in Herman Melville's *Moby-Dick*: "To any meditative Magian rover, this serene Pacific, once beheld, must ever after be the sea of his adoption." That was my same feeling about the Noatak, the Arctic river that I had adopted and that in turn had adopted me.

Our Ally Boats handled beautifully during the entire expedition, needing no repairs. The section we paddled for the next ten days, interspersed with layover hiking and fishing days, amounted to seventy-five miles. We encountered and ran successfully one rapid during the entire expedition, a cream-white Class 1.5 rapid, in the late afternoon just before our trip's next-to-last campsite. The route, which zigzagged through some scattered boulders, demanded alertness.

As to the difficulty of a Class 1.5 rapid, someone might sneer, "What's the fuss? This river amounts to child's play, a cakewalk." But make no mistake—complacency here

would be foolhardy. As I had been told by many Northern guides over the years, "Every Arctic rapid should be treated as Class 6," the most dangerous level of risk. There is no Class 7 in the sport, which would be fatal.

Every elevation of danger or difficulty needs to be added to the easy Class 1 rating. The coldness of the water increases the risk to Class 2, a dump in the water and the rescue adds another increment, and so on. Consider another notch if anyone is injured, with at least one day (if not longer) required for an air medical evacuation. A wrecked canoe would paralyze an expedition—another ratchet upward. There is no place for sleepwalkers or daydreamers in the Arctic. One has to be constantly alert.

Our party was not constantly battling the river day-by-day. In addition to our hikes, some days were set aside for fishing. Ron, Tori, and Sandy were born anglers, ready to cast their lines in one of the world's prime fishing rivers. Ron knew by heart every fishing hole, side creek, lure, and knot.



Off for a fishing expedition in the Ally Boats, loaded with day packs. Everyone is wearing winter garb.

One day the group cast for grayling, a greenish fish with an arched dorsal fin. Respecting the catch-and-release policy, they let go all the graylings that were hooked without damage to their innards. Those graylings that swallowed the lure deeply, so deeply that it required a major ordeal with pliers to extract the hook, were kept for supper. They probably would have died anyway if they had been released.





Casting in a rarely fished river ensures success, as the local fish almost certainly have never seen lures.



Catch-and-release policy in effect. Tori displays her prize pike before releasing it for the next (if any) angler.

Every meal presents a chance for spirited conversation, complete with excellent food. Note cook tent in background.



Fishing in side channels of tributaries with cleaner and fresher water produces better results. Lining the boats to these productive streams limbers up the legs and arms.

A day or so later, Arctic pike were plentiful in a side-stream channel. When Sandy hooked one, the fight lasted for ten minutes. "That fish," said Ron, "is going to drag you all the way down the Noatak." After landing the fish, Sandy and Ron slipped on gloves to protect themselves from the pike's razor-sharp teeth.

The final bonanza two days later found salmon hitting the lures and jumping in an attempt to shake the hooks loose from their mouths. Some did spit out the hooks and swam away; others were not so lucky. Ron cleaned the keepers on the spot and filleted them later before supper. With his angling assistants, he served up the fish of the day piping hot from the skillet, delicacies we could never have enjoyed so thoroughly "on the outside." No wonder the bears were angry with us during our confrontations, we had preempted them, stealing their food.



Be alert! At virtually every landing and on hikes along the riverbanks, we encountered grizzly-bear footprints in the sand and gravel.

Other animals, more benevolent than bears, were our daily companions. Either with the telescope or by naked eye, we spotted Dall sheep high on the ridge crests, or just below them. One evening, about thirty of them were getting ready to bed down for the night. On the skyline were silhouetted three or four rams with their magnificent horns, a splendid sight.

When rain periodically rolled in at night, I invariably looked up the next morning to see how far the snowline had advanced down the mountainside. The cliffs and crags, cold and unrelenting, were dusted white, subjecting the sheep to a frigid overnight.

Caribou, in strings of half a dozen, frequently crossed the river, their hooves clicking on the rocks as they scrambled up the banks. Every night, we would howl in unison to try to coax the wolves to answer and come into view, but they never responded. Occasionally a long-tailed Arctic fox would scoot by, with an aloof glance toward us. Bald eagles soared high in the sky. Mosquitoes and midges also made their presence known, especially during the night-long dusk.

When I wasn't observing nature, I often looked at maps and jotted down a few of the memorable names given to features in this vast wilderness. Although many names were hard-to-pronounce Inuit ones, many others incorporated blunt, honest, no-nonsense words, originating with the explorers, prospectors, and bush pilots who had endured the hardships: Danger Pass, Blind Pass, Lucky Six Creek, Midas Creek, Shivering Mountain, Survey Pass, and Foggytop Mountain. "Two miners eked out a living panning gold on these creeks," Ron told us.

The river's Class 1.5 rapid classification is deceptive. In the Arctic, every rapid should be designated Class 6, considering the possibilities of a dump, remoteness, injury, and hypothermia.





One morning we set off for a day trip to Lake Matcharak. After paddling across the Noatak, we landed and pulled one of the Ally Boats up the steep bank to the level tundra. "We'll drag one boat about a thousand yards to the lake," Ron said, pulling a rope over his shoulders.

For a moment, I thought such a drag would be foolhardy, subjecting the canoe bottom to puncture from the scraping and grinding. But Ron knew his business. The tussock and moss of the tundra provided a slippery makeshift path over which the hull could slide along.



Dragging a boat across the fairly level tundra allows a paddle on Lake Matcharak. Carrying the packs saves excessive friction on the hull.

After ascending a low crest, we scrambled down a bank toward one of the many highlights of this trip: spread out before us was a circular blue lake, a mile or so in diameter, the glacial moraine holding the water in its wraparound bowl. This lovely spot was like an Eden, with a fine pebble beach and no sign of human use.

We basked in the sunshine. As we were eating our sandwiches, someone noticed a movement on the far eastern shore. There he was, a medium-size griz running pell-mell across a semilevel bench, oblivious that any human might be in the area. There could be no more exhilarating feeling than watching a bear running away from us. The whole incident was over in fifteen seconds, as the bear moved at full speed and disappeared over the low moraine crest.

Alas, too far away for a detailed shot, a griz appears on a gravel beach.



That excitement over, I served as a bowman on a paddle to the opposite (western) end of Lake Matcharak. A crispness in the air wafted off the chilly water. I half expected a creek outlet descending as a feeder stream to the Noatak, but instead we encountered a marsh. Birds had also discovered this paradise. Ahead of us, red-throated and yellow-billed loons frolicked, diving for their meals.

After our close-to-an-hour paddle, we regrouped at the shore, dragged the boat back to the river, and headed for base camp. Our little trip-within-the-big-trip had been just as exciting.

After breakfast the next morning, we heard a distant hum, then an engine clatter, and finally we spotted a small plane flying low. I initially thought that a bush pilot was making his rounds and paying a courtesy call. Instead, who should walk up to greet us but an Alaskan state wildlife trooper in full uniform, badge, revolver, hat, and well-pressed jacket and pants.

Ron first thought he had appeared to check our fishing licenses. Our three license-carrying anglers, in fact, had purchased them in Fairbanks before the expedition, so everything was legal. Our group formed a semi-circle to greet him.

We had it all wrong. With a smile on his face and handshakes all around, Darrell, as he identified himself, just wanted to chat. He never asked for any documents.

"Is Obama still in power? What's the news from the outside?" we asked eagerly.

"Yes, he is still in power. The big news is the collapse of the stock market, down 600 points." Darrell then talked business, taxes, and economics, including reporting that he was six years away from retirement and his pension. Being a grandfather, he was very concerned about providing for his family, so he had a firm grip on these matters.

Darrell then casually asked us to tell him our names, livelihoods, hometowns, and ancestry, which we did. He responded, "I am of Irish and Native Alaskan ancestry. I'm originally from Nulato on the Yukon River. My home office is out of Galena."

When Ron mentioned his future trip to the Kobuk Valley sand dunes, Darrell walked back to his plane and returned with an excellent map, critical to his job, of course, and commented on the various points of interest. In a final gesture, Darrell gave his business card to each of us, just in case we might need his services. Our most enjoyable chance meeting over, he climbed into his plane and flew away, taking off in less than 300 feet of a bumpy gravel runway.

The next few days followed the usual Noatak River pattern, rain, paddling, hiking, sleeping, eating, and wildlife sighting. With various fantasies and realities in our minds, all of us agreed that we wanted to return for

another trip. When Ron mentioned that he would probably conduct a base-camp excursion in June 2013, with daily hikes to view the wildlife in the Arrigetch Peaks region, I told him I definitely wanted to join that expedition.

In terms of my long-range planning, another expedition tugged at my heart. I longed to return to Germany, where I had been stationed as a GI half a century ago. Nostalgia was calling me back.

"Are there any German lakes and rivers," I asked Julia, "where I could paddle on an extended expedition?" I was hopeful that something might be left in one of the most industrialized countries on earth.

"Yes, there are," Julia said. "The lakes and ponds in Mecklenburg Province, formerly in East Germany, are connected with streams and canals that allow trips of up to a week." I later learned that these natural lakes are glacially formed bodies of water, remnants of the Ice Age. That settled it. I would go over sometime, hire a guide, and let the wind and current take me. Undoubtedly I would be paddling a Klepper, the trademark German folding boat.

Back to reality, our final day arrived with mixed weather. According to the prearranged plan, Ron had called in our quadrant coordinates to his bush pilot. Everything was set. We had struck our tents, dismantled our Ally Boats, picked up and carried all our gear to a central pickup area. After breakfast, when Ron took out his battery-operated toothbrush, I was tempted to say, "Ron, I thought this was a wilderness trip!"

After the last hauling and pulling, we were ready to go, awaiting the arrival of the plane. All of us killed time, standing around a campfire and singing songs, Sandy knew all the lyrics, including ones from the old Beatles tunes.

Suddenly our singing stopped. Someone had caught a glimpse of a griz, which then disappeared behind a rise close to the riverbank. The bear next emerged just fifty yards away, apparently looking for his salmon breakfast. Fortunately, we were downwind, so he could not catch our human scent. With his poor eyesight, the huge animal did not see us, as he tried to figure out what was in front of him.

The six of us yelled at the top of our lungs. "You are ugly!" one person shouted. Almost as if insulted by this remark, the griz reared up on his haunches, glaring at us from his vantage point. He dropped, took a few steps forward, and stood up again. The king of the tundra was confronting his only natural enemy, man.

Ron fired a blank. Sensing danger, the bear turned sideways away from the river, bolted toward the low bushes and the tundra beyond, and disappeared. The whole event probably took fifteen seconds, but of course it seemed longer.

A paddle on the lake affords sightings of both red-throated and yellow-billed loons. Outfitted with ample feathers, they experience no difficulty swimming and diving in the cold water.



With her video camera, Sandy caught the entire sequence. Within a minute or so, she played the whole thing back for us. In due time, back in civilization, she posted the segment on the Internet.

"The bear must have been a male," said Ron. "A sow would have had cubs. When a bear is frustrated, he will grit his teeth in anger and sway his head from side to side. They hate competition, and they react with fear when opposed."

That excitement was over and doubly so, as Ron announced some minutes later that we would need to lay over for another day. Having radioed his bush pilot by satellite telephone, Ron learned that the pilot now would not attempt a flight in to pick us up. Bad weather intervened. Julia's comment was right, someone in our party must have left food uneaten on the plate, dooming our chances to leave on schedule. Ron had been through these delays many times in the past, as had the rest of our party, with "stay put" layover days almost par for numerous trips.

The changed day's routine, now in reverse, was simple, pitch the tents again, unload the food boxes, blow up the air mattresses, and wait around. This gave me more time to cogitate. Along with the physical demands of this trip, I constantly felt as though I were on a mountain high. My mind soared along with the bald eagles we saw flying overhead. Every day I had found myself musing about people, incidents, conversations, and books I hadn't thought about in years.

I also struggled to cope with the inevitable breakup of our party. Within a day or so, we would be individuals again, each with independent plans. Whether we would ever meet again, who knows? For some strange reason, I had been recalling, in fact, had written it down in my field notebook, the final sentence of Argentine writer Ricardo Güiraldes's novel *Don Segundo Sombra* (1926). In its conclusion, a young boy laments his departure from an old gaucho who had taught him everything: "My going was like life-blood flowing away." In a like manner, I said to myself, "Our leaving the Brooks Range and the Noatak River is like life-blood flowing away."

Is there such a thing as the Spirit of the Noatak River? Perhaps our party had found it, at least for almost two weeks, in this incredible place.

The next morning, the unplanned extra day dawned clear and sunny. The bear did not

return to entertain or scare us. Our gear was again piled up and ready to go.

We awaited the arrival of Dirk, the bush pilot, owner, and operator of Coyote Air Service. He had a two-plane fleet, one a floatplane and the other with landing wheels. "Danielle, Dirk's wife, is the mechanic for the outfit," Ron explained. "Sometimes during foul weather, our parties have needed to bed down for the night in their tiny flight-office cabin in Coldfoot."

Then he added, "Every bush pilot flies with complete survival gear, food, tent, medical kit, sleeping bag, and all the essential equipment. If the weather turns bad, they land on gravel bars to spend the night."

Everyone kept hearing the anticipated hum of the incoming plane, always an illusion and a mirage, a common malaise in the Brooks Range. Finally the false alarms ended. A hum grew louder and louder, Dirk would indeed arrive shortly. He came to a bouncy halt as he landed his plane with its jumbo doughnut tires on the gravel bar. Then he taxied around in the opposite direction to head east toward our destination. Dirk knew what he was doing, the option of landing a floatplane on the meandering river would have been far too risky.



The longer a natural runway, the safer it is. In his bush plane, Dirk of Coyote Air Service lands on an extended gravel bar to pick us up.

A minute or so later, another bush pilot landed his craft to pick up Ron and Linda and fly them west toward Kotzebue and the Kobuk River sand dunes. Out of our earshot, the two pilots engaged in a lively conversation, undoubtedly the shop-talk of their profession, weather, flights, schedules, and stories.

Dirk, a bearded, physically fit fellow, helped us load our gear. He had four pas-

senger seats, thus eliminating the need for a second plane. "No smoking on the plane," he announced, "and in case we need them, here are the exit doors."

Once again we were airborne, with all that stunning scenery, mountains gorged by the glaciers, snow-lined ravines in shadow, blue lakes in the bowls of the cirques, ridges of crumbling limestone, and winding rivers, braided at times, grinding the land down.

After about 90 minutes, Dirk approached the tiny hamlet of Coldfoot, about 50 miles northwest of Bettles. Coldfoot was supposedly named for (or by) hard-luck greenhorn prospectors back in 1898. The story goes that they literally developed cold feet as they were exposed to the oncoming winter—or more likely they underwent mental depression at the thought of wintering over in this remote place. Discouraged and frustrated after failing to strike it rich, they turned back, empty-handed, and headed for warmer southern climes.

Reflecting on the prospectors' plight and our own relatively tame hardships, I jotted down in my notepad: "You've got to be an optimist in the North. Here pessimism will get you nowhere."

As our plane zoomed over the last mountain pass, civilization came abruptly into view in the Koyukuk River valley below. The Alaska Pipeline, like a shiny silver snake, and the dirt Dalton "haul road" ran parallel to one another. Oil, not gold, keeps Coldfoot in business and on the map nowadays. A few buildings, a hangar, and a dozen parked planes stood alongside the eastern edge of the runway.



From the North Slope, and extending 800 miles south to the port of Valdez, the Alaska Pipeline and its parallel Dalton "haul road" (seen here at Coldfoot) transport liquid gold for the oil industry.

No lifetime is long enough to explore this immense land on foot. The flight back to Coldfoot provides spectacular panoramas of rivers, mountains, ridges, and lakes.





Dirk expertly guided his craft down to land on the airstrip, with a jolting thump on its washboard surface. He and the others were first to disembark. As I gingerly descended the plane's ladder, I hesitated. For me it would be too long a final jump—with a likely tumble. As if they anticipated my situation, Dirk and Danielle, with smiles on their faces, were right there. With extended arms and shoulders, they supported my weight to lower me down safely.

My plans are set to return to the Brooks Range next summer. I have never made an easier decision. Scotty will fly me in and Dirk will fly me out. And, who knows, maybe I will encounter Darrell again.

What would an expedition be without the traditional group photograph? After eleven days on the river, our beaming party would gladly spend another week—even a month—in the bush.



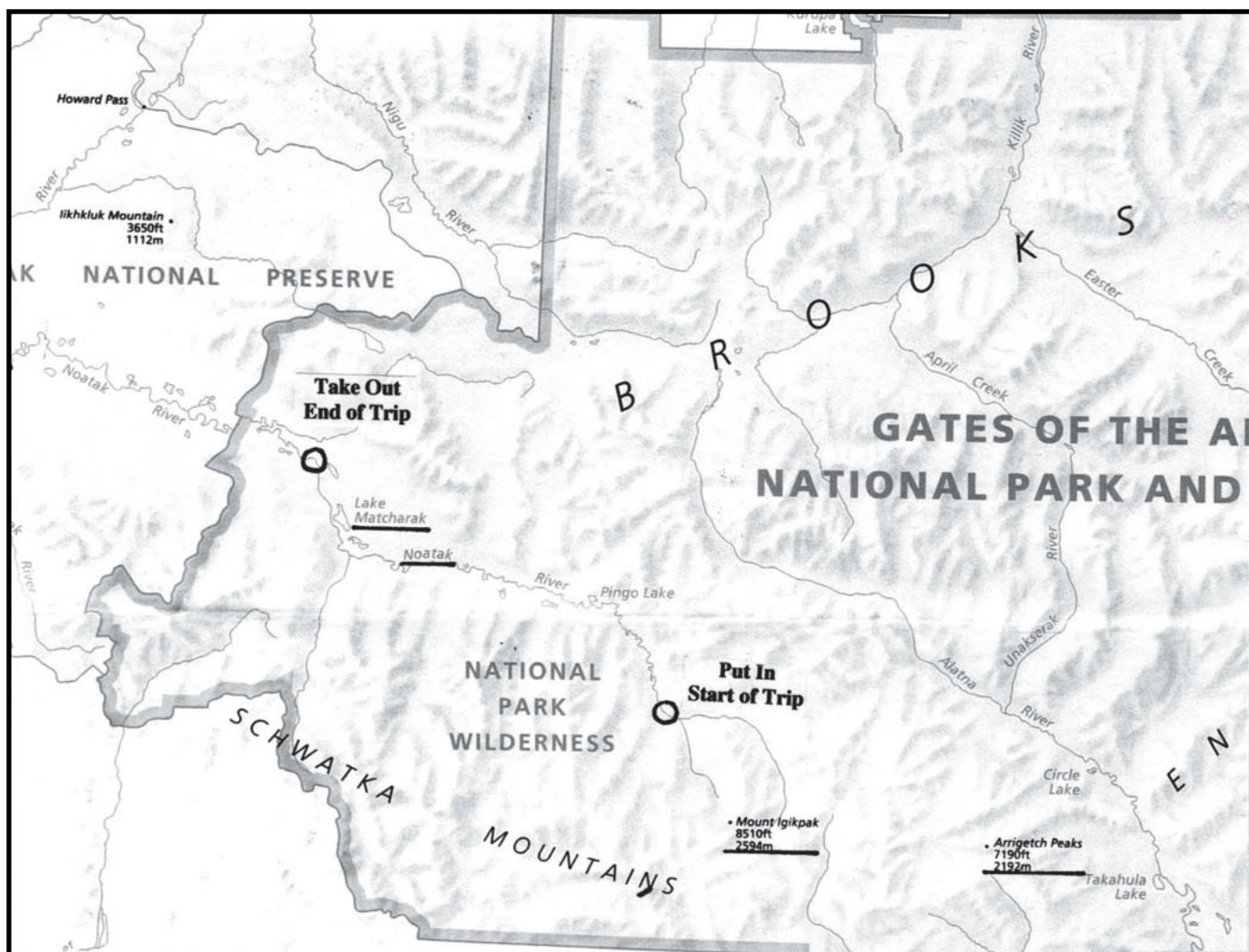
### Practical Information

Trips to the Brooks Range, one of the most isolated areas of Alaska, require extraordinarily detailed, precise planning and logistics. Unless someone is an expert outdoorsperson fully able to lead such an expedition, whether canoeing, hiking, mountaineering, and/or wildlife sightings, I strongly recommend relying on the services of a professional outfitter. The state of Alaska is reluctant to commit costly searches for “cheechakos,” or newcomers who fail to return on time.

I found Arctic Wild to be a thoroughly reliable and professionally run organization, with competent guides. Undoubtedly there are other companies capable of leading clients safely in and out of the wilderness.

For details, schedules, and prices, contact:

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Adventurer Matt Rutherford completed his non-stop, record-setting solo voyage around the Americas, dropping anchor in Annapolis, MD mid-April and receiving a hero's welcome from an enthusiastic crowd of admirers and well-wishers. The 31-year-old Maryland resident arrived at the Annapolis City Dock near the National Sailing Hall of Fame. As he stepped ashore for the first time in more than 300 days, he was cheered by hundreds of friends, fellow sailors, and public officials. Gary Jobson, president of Us Sailing, author of 17 sailing books and editor-at-large of *Sailing World* and *Cruising World* magazines, served as the emcee for the welcome on land. Just prior to the land welcome, a flotilla of boats met Rutherford at Horn Point and sailed or motored alongside him up the Severn River around Spa Creek and up to the City Dock.

When he re-entered the Chesapeake Bay on April 18, Rutherford also entered the record books as the first person to successfully sail completely around North and South America solo and nonstop. The historic voyage covered 25,000 miles in a secondhand, 27' Albin Vega sailboat, the *Saint Brendan*, better suited for coastal waters than an epic deep-sea voyage. Rutherford made the journey to show people, particularly those with disabilities, that there are no limits to what can be accomplished in life. He was also seeking to raise \$250,000, \$10 for each nautical mile, for Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating (CRAB), the Annapolis, Md., non-profit that makes sailing available to persons with disabilities.

## Circumnavigation of the Americas

### Solo Sailor Completes 314-Day Record-Setting Sail



"Matt dedicated his record setting voyage to CRAB," said Don Backe, CRAB's Executive director. "By sticking to his goal, alone, in a very small boat, in an impossibly large sea, Matt has shown us that with a purpose and determination, big challenges are left behind, one wave at a time. We are incredibly grateful for all his efforts on our behalf." At the time of his arrival, more than \$60,000 had been received, and donations can still be made online at [www.crab-sailing.org](http://www.crab-sailing.org) or by calling (410) 626-0273.

When asked what it was like spending 300 days alone at sea, Matt said, "I've done two major single-handed trips nearly back to back, so I have spent three out of the last four years alone in one way or another. I'll be happy when I meet a girl who likes sailing, being alone gets old."

Rutherford left Annapolis in June, 2011. During this first leg of his trek, he broke a record by singlehandedly sailing the smallest boat in history through the Northwest Passage water route from the Atlantic to the Pacific along the northern coast of North America.

Once through this northern passage, Rutherford sailed south along the Pacific coasts of North and South America to his left-hand turn around Cape Horn. During this leg of the journey, he was nearly run down by a freighter, was blown over in a storm, and was menaced by an unidentified boat at night.

Much of *Saint Brendan's* equipment rotted, wore out or broke. Equipment failures forced Rutherford to receive re-supplies while at sea. By the last leg of his voyage, Rutherford's boat was without an engine, bilge pump, freighter radar, solar panels, wind generator, GPS, and VHF radio. Yet, throughout the trip, he never entered port, dropped anchor, stepped off his boat nor has another person stepped onboard.

#### About CRAB

Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating (CRAB) is a non-profit organization based in Annapolis, Maryland, that provides opportunities for people with physical and developmental challenges to experience boating on the Chesapeake Bay. Founded by Don Backe in 1991, CRAB maintains a fleet of Freedom Independence 20 sloops, which are designed specifically for use by mobility-challenged persons. To learn more about CRAB, visit: [www.crab-sailing.org](http://www.crab-sailing.org).



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Over the winter and the spring I worked on the Mariner 19 centerboard sailboat that I purchased at a charity auction in the spring of 2010. I used my trailer for my Rhodes 19 centerboarder to bring it home. I put it on heavy duty saw horses.

This is the method I used to get a boat off the trailer. I made heavy duty saw horses based on a design from the *Workbench Book* by Sam Manning. I have a winch welded to a steel tube. Two chains are attached to the tube. The chains go around a tree and can be tightened by wing nuts to the steel tube. Attached to a tree, the winch pulls the boat back off the trailer onto the saw horses.

A chain or rope is attached to the saw horse and the trailer. This keeps the saw horse from tilting. With the boat resting on the saw horse, I pull the trailer forward until I can put the second saw horse under the boat. To get the boat back on the trailer I reverse the process using the winch on the trailer. Chain or rope attached to tree keeps saw horses from tilting over.

The main job was dropping the centerboard. The centerboard pin and washer did not show any wear. I also caulked the windows and replaced the bow eye and added reef points and jiffy reefing to the main. I did not paint the bottom for this first season.

I kept it on the trailer at Lewisetta Marina for a while. The month of August I kept it on the trailer at Ingram Bay Marina, which is close to the Chesapeake Bay. The Mariner is stiffer than the Rhodes 19. They both have the same hull. The Mariner has about 350 pounds more displacement.

I was surprised that the added displacement would make that much difference. The Rhodes 19 has a quicker motion and acceleration than the Mariner. I did sail it from Ingram Bay to Lewisetta Marina with wind south Force 4.

This is a 20-mile sail around Smith Point. It is one of my favorite point to point sails in the right conditions. The last sail of the season in November was a point to point from Tappahannock up the Totuskey River.

My wife and I trailered our Sea Pearl to the Eastern Shore of Maryland in mid-May 2011. We stayed at Whitehaven Bed and Breakfast on the Wicomico River. It has a dock and we could launch off the oyster shore at high tide. We sailed down the Wicomico River with the ebb current and back with the flood. We sailed past the bed and breakfast for about quarter of a mile and then sailed slowly back, tacking with the current against us. We had to dodge a tug and its barge and the two-car ferry at Whitehaven.

Later we were told some townspeople were watching us tacking back and forth in

## Boating 2011

By Floyd Thompson

the river. I guess they were waiting to see if we could run hard aground, but with the Sea Pearl it cannot happen.

In the days of sail Whitehaven was a ship building town. Now the old hotel is the bed and breakfast and the only business in the small riverfront town. We trailered the Sea Pearl to the Nanticoke River. Near the ramp I stopped and looked at a log canoe on display next to the fire house.

We sailed off Roaring Point until marine warning for severe thunderstorms cut short our sail. I like Maryland regulations on their rivers compared to Virginia, our home waters. Maryland does not allow plastic pipe to mark oyster grounds. Watermen use small cedar trees which have a natural look.

We then drove to Chincoteague, Virginia. We stayed at a motel that had a slip for each room and a boat ramp. On one of our sails we motored and sailed around the island. We motored north with the mast down under the main bridge and around the north end of the island and continued motoring under the second bridge which goes to the beach. Anchored for lunch and raised mast and sailed around the southern end and back to the motel.

Next day we sailed down the channel against a south wind. Near Chincoteague Point I tried many times to tack against the flood tide, but finally gave up and motored around the last 100 yards around the point, then sailed on a reach. I never saw another sailboat sailing during our eight day vacation.

When we travel with the boat I also bring along my kayak. If the weather is not good for sailing I find time to kayak and my wife gets to choose her shopping stops.

We did sail out to deep water once. The waves became more like what we were used to, otherwise they were never large in the shallow water, but could throw up spray. As was the case on the Eastern Shore we never saw a sailboat except windsurfers and kite sailors. If it was a hot day we would sail in the morning and go to the beach in the afternoon. We watched the windsurfers and kite sailors at the Canadian Hole between Hatteras and Avon on a windy afternoon. They were getting a good workout in windy conditions.

I sailed with my friend Eddie on a 20' centerboard cat ketch that he had built. It was a replica of a Maryland oyster tonging skiff with fore and aft bottom planking. Unlike the Virginia side of the Potomac River, Maryland did not cross plank the oyster skiffs.

They called them Black Nancy's. We sailed in the mouth of the Machodoc Creek. It was balanced and very stable.



In June I anchored the Sea Pearl in Taskmakers Creek on the Chesapeake Bay near Smith Point. At low tide there was less than 6" of water over the bar, we timed our sails to avoid one hour before and after low tide. I used a 25lb yachtsman anchor, and tied the mooring buoy near a dock. I had a line from the buoy to the dock. This arrangement held the Sea Pearl in position near the dock. I used a skiff to get to the Sea Pearl. Taskmakers Creek is open to the Bay. We had a couple of good sails with northwest wind Force 4 out to the ship channel.

In July we trailered the Sea Pearl to Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, for two weeks. We stayed at a cottage with a dock on a canal off the sound. The water in the sound is deeper than the charts show. The tide range is less than a foot most of the time. We sailed in water mostly 18" to 36" deep. The bottom is hard sand. The water was clear enough to see flounder swimming away from us on the bottom.

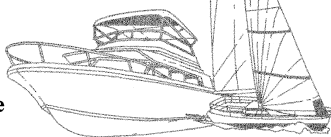
The wind was mostly from the southwest Force 4 and some days increasing to Force 5 in the afternoon. A few days the wind was from the east and much cooler than the southwest wind. The wind was a steady force, not gusty. Shallow water extends three to four miles from shore.



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I spent a good part of my working career as a lock and dam operator, most of that time at Lock #2 on the Upper Mississippi. Here is a story about one of the more interesting things that happened on my watch that I would like to share with you.

Once, in early summer, a group of Canadians showed up at the lock on foot. They had landed their canoes on the point of land above the lock and walked down through the woods to check us out. I happened to have the watch when they showed up. Although I met the three young men from this expedition their names escape me now, this all happened years ago. I do know that they came from Mississauga, Ontario, close to Toronto.

These lads had paddled down the river in two canoes from the source a distance of about 550 miles to get to Hastings where Lock #2 is located. One canoe was a rather generic yellow fiberglass canoe. The other I remember quite well because I took it home and found them a buyer. It was a racing canoe that they bought from the Indians near the source, a wood/canvas canoe that was still registered at the Red Lake Indian Reservation.

I was rather impressed with these young men because I realized that they had already covered about a fourth of the river in these canoes. I befriended them and they informed me of their plans to complete the trip. They were going to do the Huck Finn thing, planning to raft the rest of the river.

One of them had to leave to claim a job waiting for him back at his home near Toronto. The other two planned to build a raft and float the river.

Above the lock is a wooded section about a half-mile long where they planned to build their raft around the point and out of sight of the lock. Our dike was over a half-mile long and went from this point to the western shore. The upstream side of the dike was covered with driftwood, some of which were logs large enough to put together in a sizable raft.

Those two lads worked on their raft for about a week. They would slip around our fence every evening and head to town for supplies and entertainment. They must have

## Huck & Jim Lock #2 Adventures

By Mississippi Bob

been good at the entertainment part because very soon they had some of the local girls picking them up and returning late at night.

The raft got completed in spite all the distractions. Soon they were ready to start their adventure. I happened to be back on the day shift at this time and I suggested that they would be best to come down to the lock early on Saturday morning as we wouldn't be busy then and I could get them through the lock.

There is not much current above the lock and they rowed the raft into the lock with long sweeps that they had built from more driftwood. The lockage went without a hitch until I flushed them out the lower end, then everything went wrong. The raft was caught in an eddy below the lock and got pulled across the river toward the backside of the dam. It was headed upstream toward the dam and certain destruction. I knew that they had a problem. I just hoped that they didn't get themselves killed on my watch.

The lads fortunately managed to get a rope on a ladder at the end of the river wall. As I watched I saw a head at the top of the ladder, it was them bringing the gear that they could salvage up onto our river wall. They saved most of their gear, including the yellow canoe. By the time I got there the raft had broken loose from the ladder and was headed toward the back side of the dam where it became driftwood once more.

Were they ready to give it up? No way. They had a new plan. They loaded all the salvaged stuff into the yellow canoe and headed back upriver and around the point. They were about to build another raft. This time they found large chunks of foam among the driftwood piles and used them instead of logs, building a smaller, more manageable raft. They again had the yellow canoe on deck.

I was back on the evening shift by the time they were ready to start again. I locked

them down one quiet weekday evening, this time without any problems. I was wondering if I would ever hear from them again as they rowed their raft down the river. I hoped that I might as I had taken the wood/canvas canoe home in hopes to sell it for them. Time went by and I sold the canoe to a lady outfitter who I knew. I put the money in an envelope to keep it for them until I knew where to send it.

Summer turned to fall and one day while I was working on a boat in my backyard a really rusty Honda pulled into the yard. I mean really rusty. The car had Louisiana plates on it. A young couple got out and he came over to me while the young lady propped herself on the Honda's hood. I didn't recognize him at first. He and the lady were both so suntanned that he didn't look at all like the kid who I had seen going down the river.

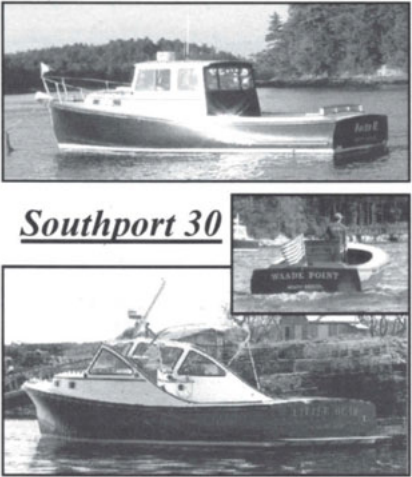
He had to introduce himself before I knew who he was. I gave him the money that I saved for them and he filled me in on the rest of the trip. I fed the two lunch while he talked about the trip.

The raft had only made it to somewhere in Missouri where it got caught under a barge. So much for raft #2. One would think that by now they would be ready to quit. Not these two guys. The yellow canoe came to the rescue. They got the canoe in the water and salvaged much of their gear and gave up on rafting, finishing the river in the canoe. They paddled down to Pilot Town then back up river to Venice, LA where there was solid ground.

The yellow canoe got traded for the rusty Honda and they started north again. They stopped several places to fill in new acquaintances with their adventures. I was very happy to get the story and feed them some lunch while they talked.

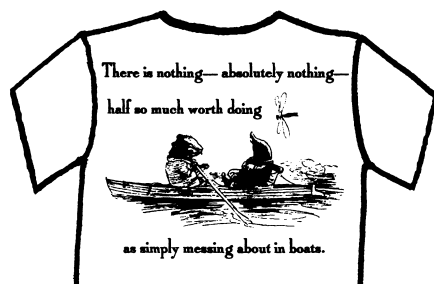
I got a Christmas card that year from Mississauga and they told me the rest of the story. The Canadian government didn't want that rusty Honda in Canada. They let the guys go home to unload their gear then they had to bring it back to the US. It is probably still sitting in an impound lot in Buffalo, New York.

These boys had an adventure to last them a lifetime.



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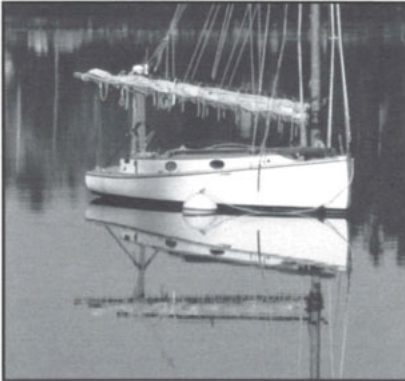
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This adventure began with a poem, Ben Franklin said:

"Vessels large may venture more,  
But little boats should keep near shore."

I added:

"For larger boats take waves in stride, While smaller ones must run and hide", and a few more long forgotten lines. I got a "C". My mom liked the poem and sent it to the newsletter of the Raritan Yacht Club where it was printed. That led to Kip, a fellow student at my high school, realizing we were members of the same yacht club.

Kip's family owned the *Tofa*, a double ended homemade fiberglass boat of proportions similar to the Hunt 210 with a keel that came, I think, from the 210. It was fast and responsive with a cabin containing very modest accommodations. She had a 5hp Johnson in a well.

Kip and I talked a bit, and as one thing led to another, our families decided they would let the two of us sail the *Tofa* from the Raritan Yacht Club in Perth Amboy, NJ to their summer vacation home on Shelter Island at the tip of LI. Kip and I had both had considerable experience for most of this trip, including the part where we must take the East River from New York Harbor to Long Island Sound.

The *Tofa* was a lot of fun to sail, but made for a rather boring power boat, so we, of course, had no wind when we left and had to motor across the bay, the harbor, and through the river. As we came out the Long Island Sound end of the river, our trusty motor decided it needed a new water pump. We hoisted the sails and took the very light breeze and managed to get into Port Washington. Here we took the motor in the dink (*Dud*) and tied up at the Port Washington Yacht Club dock. The members there were most gracious, and quite helpful in finding a repair shop and helping us get the motor to it.

Before returning to the *Tofa* for the night, we decided we'd like a milk shake. No problem. The club, we were told, makes fine milk shakes. They were very good and we enjoyed them immensely. We tried our best to pay for the two 60 cent shakes, but they would not take our money. Several months later, the bill for \$1.20 caught up to Kip's dad. PWYC had sent the bill onto the RYC, who in turn sent it to Kip's dad. He mailed a check to the RYC, and they sent a check to the PWYC. It certainly was a complex way

## A Little Rhyme A Great Time

By John Smith

to do a simple thing. And this was before the age of computers.

We got the motor back early the next afternoon and, with no wind, used it to continue on our journey. We made it to another harbor, although I'm not sure which one, and dropped anchor off a beach with a small snack bar on it. We ate dinner there. Decent were the hamburgers, but outstanding was the coffee. Remains some of the best I've ever had.

Next day found us without any breeze, so we motored to Port Jefferson where we got gas and had dinner ashore. Still having considerable daylight left, we thought we'd try to make Mattituck Inlet, some distance further east, which would make it easy to get to our destination at Shelter Island the next day.

As we headed east on this lovely late afternoon, things were uneventful. As the sun began to set and we were close enough to start looking for the inlet, we encountered fog. We took a shot at reaching the next buoy by compass. We hit it right on the button. We decided to press our luck, and the next thing to appear dead ahead was a rocky shoreline, causing a rapid 180° turn and a short run to deeper water. Rather than fight the fog, we decided it best to go a bit closer to shore and anchor for the night.

As we were pondering how to put up some sort of riding light, a Coast Guard boat approached out of the fog. We figured at least we'd get to know our exact location, something of which we had no idea at the time. As this big vessel came nearby they yelled over the bullhorn, "Where's Port Jeff?" They were lost, too. We did know the direction of Port Jeff, so they went in the direction we pointed. Meanwhile, through all of this there was a car on the shore blinking its lights. We learned much later this was Kip's dad, who had somehow found us and brought us a hot meal.

In the morning the fog lifted and we were on our way. Late afternoon found us anchored at the dock of their vacation home on Shelter Island. The following day brought the lovely breeze we wished we had had during our trip. We enjoyed a great sail after which I prepared to drive home with my parents who came to pick me up. The car trip

home, and the car trip back to Shelter island three weeks later, both seemed longer than our voyage on the *Tofa*.

The sail back to the Raritan Yacht Club was, again, a motor driven trip, uneventful until we got to that part where we had to go through the East River. Then the engine decided to stop running. Fortunately we finally got a small bit of wind, so we decided we'd continue under sail. As the Smith Curse would have it, the wind was virtually dead ahead. As we passed through the East River with the current, which was quite strong, between the real wind and that added by the current, we had maybe 10 knots of wind to work with, giving us good control.

Disaster nearly struck when I was at the helm and we were getting near the starboard side of the river and I wanted to go about. A tug was coming along behind us and was not giving anywhere to come about to, so I had to spill wind and stall until the tug passed. When the tug had passed, I was too close to the dock to fall off for headway to go about, so I stalled until the dock I was by ended, and then fell off into the space between it and the next dock, jibing between the two. Surprisingly, this worked quite nicely. I managed to sail in between the two docks, jibe, and sail out into the river with our dink clearing the second dock by a good foot or two. A number of onlookers on the docks gave us an ovation for what must have looked to them as a brilliant maneuver.

The breeze stayed with us all the way back to the yacht club. It also stayed virtually dead ahead. Once we got through New York Harbor, we could point very tightly into the wind and maintain a course that would get us to our destination. If we chose to fall off a bit we would sail faster, but have to sail further. We opted for the former. The deciding factor taken into account was anticipating where we would be should the wind stop, considering we had no motor. This path kept us out of shipping lanes and we could drop anchor at any time should we need to without worrying about any of the big ships running into us.

The breeze held and the night was clear. Now in familiar waters we continued on a little after dark and felt quite good when the *Tofa* was at her own mooring. The next morning we went ashore and called our folks who came to get us. While they were on their way, we went back to the *Tofa* and cleaned her up so she'd be ready for her next sail.


I'm not sure parents today would let two teenagers make such a voyage. I sure glad our parents let us.

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## The International Scene

Although imports of containers into the US rose by 7.3% in March (most of the growth was in furniture and car parts), experts predicted that the second half of this year will have a very modest increase in imports.

Elsewhere, Israeli shipping line ZIM is reactivating two 10,000-teu boxships, idle for months, for when ZIM resumes its Far East-Europe express service.

The new icebreaking anchor handler tug *Aiviq*, built for use in Alaskan waters, was painted white and blue because natives told the builder/operator that animals in the region fear the company's usual all orange paint scheme.

Although the wrecked cruise ship *Costa Concordia* is under 24/7 surveillance and the ship's bell was in 25' of water, it disappeared (obviously an inside/outside job!)

## A Sampling of Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Vessels sank: While crossing Elefsis Bay near Piraeus, Greece, the product tanker *Alfa I* sank after hitting a submerged object (probably the marked wreck of the *City of Myconos*). That was in March and since then the sunken tanker has been leaking oil through manholes, vent pipes and sounding pipes. Now the remaining oil is being removed by hot tapping the tanks.

The 60' tug *Aquarius* sank on the final leg of a voyage from Gibraltar to Plymouth, but the crew had time to yell for help. That radio call was heard by the cruise ship *Saga Pearl* and relayed to authorities. Two crewmen were later lifted from a life raft by a French rescue chopper, but a third man was apparently trapped inside the sinking tug.

Ships hit things: At Jamaica, the British container ship *MSC Brianna* was allowed to continue its voyage after posting security because it hit the Kinston Wharves.

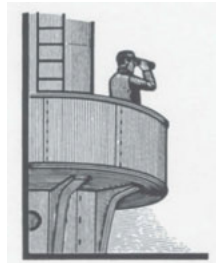
In the Gulf of Mexico in the Aransas Pass Channel near Corpus Christi, the inbound crude oil tanker *FR8 Pride* lost power and drifted into the outbound jackup drill rig *Rowan EXL-1*. The tanker's forward ballast tanks were holed, and it was towed to shallow water where it was grounded to prevent further flooding. The rig suffered significant damage and was moved offshore where its legs were extended to the sea bottom while damage was assessed. The jackup is capable of operating in 350' of water or more and drilling to a depth of 35,000'.

Ships ran aground: In New Zealand, the mate had been drinking the night before so he wasn't exactly on the top rung when he stood bridge watch the next day. He failed to notice that the coaster *Anatoki* had run aground off Golden Bay. But he did ring down to the engineer to comment that the engine "sounded different." (The incident was attributed to the absence of a bridge alarm system and the mate's lack of adequate sleep.)

In Italy, its pilot may have been aware that the vehicle carrier *Hoegh Asia*, carrying about 6,000 cars, drew 8.4 metres but he forgot that the channel to Livorno was only 6 to 8 metres deep. The vessel met the bottom.

Water levels on the Casamance River in Senegal have been low and both the small cargo ship *Cap Saint George* and the larger Dakar-Ziguinchor ro-ro/pax ferry *Aline Sioe Diatta* (whose master should have known the local conditions) ran aground.

Fire and explosions took a toll: A Single Point Mooring is a large buoy that enables



## Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

connection of a sea bottom pipeline to a ship. At the Ras Laffan oil and gas field off Qatar, 12 workers on the tug *Al Deebel* were conducting maintenance on a LNG SPM when there was an explosion. Seven workers died, including the tug's elderly English master.

In India, the container ship *Cap Norte* had a fire in #4 hold while about 50 miles off the Mangalore Coast. The fire was under control by the time that the fast Coast Guard boat *ICGS Savithri Phule* arrived.

While docked at Hobart, the research vessel *Aurora Australis* had a fire in the ship's laundry. Reportedly, an overheated tea towel in the dryer was blamed for the fire.

Mariners died: Three bird watchers on the cruise ship *Star Princess* off the Galapagos Islands saw waving figures on a small fishing vessel and frantically tried to tell someone. But word never reached the bridge and the ship sailed on. By the time a commercial FV rescued the FV two weeks later, two of the three Panamanian fishermen had died. The cruise company admitted to an apparent "breakdown in communication in relaying the passenger's concern."

People were rescued: US forces have been bragging about recent rescues of Iranian vessels in various forms of distress so it was nice when, despite international tensions and sanctions, Iran welcomed an airliner after it declared a medical emergency while enroute from Dubai to Seattle. On board was a 52-year-old American man with heart problems. Medical facilities at Tehran stabilized him enough so that he continued his flight a few days later.

In Alaska, a Coast Guard 45' Response Boat Medium was out for night training when the nearby cruise ship *Carnival Spirit* requested medical help. The boat medevaced a 66-year-old female passenger.

Engines failed: The Hong Kong-flagged bulkier *Pacific Sea* almost made it to San Francisco Bay but drifted to a stop 24 miles off Pt. Reyes. Two tugs towed it to Oakland for repairs.

The Danish company A.P. Moller Maersk Group is the largest container ship and supply vessel operator in the world and probably is the maritime industry's most environmentally conscious firm. For example, its container ship *Gerd Maersk* recently broke down off Porto, Portugal. It was safely far from shore in 1,000' of water but the company hired the small tug *Castelo de Obido* to stand by even after the ship regained partial power. Maersk also sent out a larger tug to tow the 6,6000-teu ship to port if its engines couldn't complete the repairs.

## Gray Fleets

The Royal Navy will no longer provide frigates to the NATO anti-piracy forces off Somalia. Budget restrictions now make only two frigates available to cover every-

thing east of the Suez Canal, and neither ship can be committed to counter-piracy efforts fulltime. And it is not yet clear whether the Royal Navy's replenishment ship *Fort Victoria* will continue to support the 16-ship fleet after this summer.

The highest powers in the UK have changed their minds once again about which plane should equip the two aircraft carriers being built. First it was decided that the carriers would carry the F-35B vertical-takeoff version of the US-built F-35 Joint Strike Fighter. Problems with its procurement forced them to shift to the pure F-35C naval version but that meant installing catapults and arresting gear, very expensive, probably too expensive. Despite "I told you so's" from the Labour party opposition, it now looks as though it will be no catapults but some jump jets. Another background reason for the decision, the F-35C's are too heavy to land on the French Navy's carrier *Charles de Gaulle*.

The uniform head of the Royal Navy admitted that the government took a chance ("took a punt," as he put it) when it demobilized *HMS Ark Royal*, its only carrier, and sold off its fleet of Harrier jets. A carrier strike ability will not be available to the Brits until some time in the 2020s, he admitted. (One can imagine long rows of crossed British fingers, all hoping that Argentina does not get feisty about the Falkland Islands again).

A \$3.5 million floating barrier or boom at Halifax, installed in 2007 to protect warships from terrorist attacks, hasn't been able to withstand the harbor's stormy conditions (particularly during the tropical storms that somehow reach the Maritimes) or the buildup of marine organisms. Structural deficiencies, coupled with lack of a comprehensive maintenance program, resulted in serious damage and the boom was removed last winter for repairs. (The boom's specifications called for a minimum 15-year operating life.)

## White Fleets

The small expedition cruise ship *Plancius*, built in 1976 as a Dutch oceanographic research vessel, broke down while moored at Grytviken on South Georgia Island in the Antarctic South Atlantic, some 2,150 kilometres east of Tierra del Fuego on the southern tip of South America. Its 70 bird watching passengers were taken to Montevideo on the small passenger vessel *Ushuaia* and a tug assisted the stricken vessel to a repair port. (Petrus Plancius was a 17th century Dutch astronomer, cartographer and clergyman.)

The *Allure of the Seas* had a short-lived fire in an engine room while enroute from St. Martin to Port Everglades. The ship's high-pressure fog sprinkler system quickly contained and extinguished the fire, no passengers or crewmembers were injured, and the vessel continued sailing towards Port Everglades.

During its sea trials in the North Sea, the 77,034-ton newbuild cruise ship *AID-Amar* ingested flotsam into a bow thruster and the ship had to return to Hamburg and a visit to a drydock.

## Those That Go Back and Forth

A Coast Guard inspection revealed that the 195-year-old, not-for-profit Sistersville Ferry needed new life jackets. A local sporting goods superstore donated 25 youth and 25 adult life jackets as well as one (each?) for the captain and deckhand. The ferry connects West Virginia and Ohio across the Ohio River.



As the big Alaskan ferry *Matanuska* made a 180° turn while docking at Petersburg, it sliced into a concrete dock, snapping dock pilings and damaging a crane. Then it attacked the second floor of an idle fish processing plant, doing no good to a wall and outer walkways. The stout ferry suffered only minor dents and scrapes to its bow. An unanticipated current of 3-4 knots may have played a role.

In Norway, the ro-ro *Hordaland* should have set sail for Aarsnes but never left the dock at Varaldsøy. A wire on the car ramp had broken and even a crane couldn't lift it.

In Japanese waters, a high-speed ferry, traveling at about 80kph, probably collided with a whale off Kagoshima Prefecture and five people were slightly injured while the vessel was disabled and had to be towed. News reports made no mention of the whale's condition.

In Germany, two ferries collided in the Baltic seaport of Travemuende. The *Nils Holgersson* hit the moored *Urd*, holing it badly enough so that it sank and lay on its side. No spills. No injuries.

The Philippine Coast Guard realized that the ro-ro/pax *Grand Star Roro 3*, carrying 155 passengers and 13 vehicles, had run aground in the shallow part of Sorsogon Port when they noticed that the vessel was out of the channel and not moving. It was towed free.

The Bass Strait ro-ro/pax *Spirit of Tasmania* had a fire in the overhead of the Galactica games centre. When two fire alarms sounded and smoke appeared, a contractor used a fire extinguisher. Next, the chief mate confirmed that the fire was real and activated the general alarm. A fire party in full breathing kit removed ceiling panels and killed the fire.

A small fire in the engine room of the ro-ro/pax ferry *Commodore Clipper*, enroute from Portsmouth to Guernsey with 220 passengers and 39 crewmembers, caused a disappointing return to Portsmouth.

### Legal Matters

In a surprise out of court settlement, the 18 survivors of the sinking of the Philadelphia Duck Boat, run down by a sludge barge on the Delaware River, will split \$2 million and the families of two dead teenagers from Hungary will divide \$18 million.

Costa Cruises settled with French passengers who were on the *Costa Concordia* when it was wrecked: 235 get □9,000 (\$11,700) and can sue the company; 180 have already accepted □11,000 each in exchange for dropping any legal action; 20 have joined a class action suit; another 20 are acting independently; and 14 are asking for □50,000, admitting that they have not suffered physical injury but have post traumatic stress.

The owners and operator of the supermax bulkier *Aquarosa* were fined \$925,000 each for oily water separation no-no's. The ship's third engineer had told US Coast Guard inspectors about the malfeasance and provided extensive evidence, even showing them where the magic pipe was hidden. The court awarded \$462,500 to the whistle blower and he may get another \$462,500 if an appeal by the companies is denied. They claim he should have notified the company instead of the authorities.

The Seaman's Protection Act gives seamen legal protection when they complain to the Coast Guard. The Labor Department said riverboat captains are required to report lost engines to the Coast Guard and they can lose

their licenses if they don't. One Louisiana captain complained to the Coast Guard about a faulty engine and his employer suspended him and told him not to make reports without company approval. The same problem recurred, he made a report to the Coast Guard and he was fired. Then OSHA got into the act and the company agreed to pay \$245,000 in pay, compensation and attorney's fees to settle the whistle blower case.

### Nature

A major factor in salvage of the cruise ship *Costa Concordia* will be preservation of the seabed. An underwater platform will support the wreck after it is rotated and partially raised from the bottom. Once the hull is repaired, it would be floated away. Posidonia, a protected species of seagrass, will be removed and then replanted after the platform pylons are removed while protective casings around the pylons will shield their seafans and sponges.

### Metal-Bashing

In Chinese waters the 3,100-teu container ship *Bareli* ran aground off the coast of Fuqing in March and salvors decided to divide the ship after tide induced bending caused significant metal fatigue. The stern section was towed to Tanguy anchorage while the forward section remained firmly aground.

The main engine of the container ship *Celina* was so badly damaged when the vessel ran aground off Gangsøy just south of Maaløy (both locations are in Norway) in March that the vessel will be scrapped.

Scrapping of the *Oriental Nicety* (ex-*Exxon Valdez*) at Alang was delayed when the Gujarat Pollution Control Board and the Indian customs department denied permission for the ship to anchor and ruled that the ship must remain in international waters. Despite a pending court case, the Gujarat Maritime Board had given a green signal for the vessel to berth.

In Russia's Far East, the ro-ro/pax ferry *Georg Ots* fell off the blocks in a drydock at the Skavyanka shipyard. That punched two holes in the vessel's bottom.

The military industrial complex occasionally comes through! The nuclear-powered attack submarine *USS Mississippi* (SSN-782) was delivered to the US Navy 363 days ahead of contract schedule and more than \$60 million below target cost.

Three pinholes and a hole slightly smaller than a golf ball were found in the hull of the Coast Guard's newbuild national security cutter *USCGC Stratton*. The 418' vessel went into service last fall. No similar problems have been found in the other two cutters of the class.

Do not be surprised if you see an inland rivers barge painted pink. Its name is *Big Hope 1* and the color raises cancer awareness. Part of the barge's profits for the next five years will be donated to cancer research.

### Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Worldwide, 102 incidents of piracy and armed robbery were reported in the year's first quarter, with dangerously increasing numbers in West African waters. In total, 11 vessels were reported hijacked with 212 crewmembers taken hostage and four killed. A further 45 vessels were boarded, with 32 attempted attacks and 14 vessels fired upon, the latter all attributed to either Somali or Nigerian pirates.

A Kenyan court found 11 Somali suspects guilty of piracy and sentenced each to 20 years in jail. A US court found a Somalia man guilty of kidnapping, hostage taking and weapons charges although he was a land-based negotiator. Explained the US Attorney, "He was among an elite fraternity of pirate negotiators, the vital link to any successful pirate attack. His skills were essential to obtain a ransom for those who attacked the vessel and the financiers who paid for the attack." Prosecutors said he received at least \$30,000 for his role as a hostage negotiator for the *Marida Marguerite*, which was ransomed for \$5 million in 2010 after nearly two dozen crew members were held captive for about eight months. Eleven other pirates have been sentenced to life in US prisons. Three more are awaiting trial on murder and other charges that, if convicted, could make them eligible for the death penalty.

### Odd Bits

Long distance sailboat races on the US West Coast twice turned deadly. The 38' *Low Speed Chase* ran into the Farallones (aka Farallon) Islands after being hit by a big wave. Five of the crew of eight were washed overboard and two more took involuntary swims after the allision with the rocks. Five men went missing, two were helicoptered off the island and a man with a broken leg was plucked from the yacht.

Then, the 37' *Aegean* ran into one of the Ensenada Islands during the Newport to Ensenada Race and four were killed. Early reports of extensive fragmentation of the fiberglass yacht and head trauma on recovered bodies led searchers to initially believe that the yacht had collided with a large vessel, but a detailed GPS track of the yacht showed the last pip coinciding with the shore of North Coronado Island. (Satellite reporting of each contestant's GPS data is now required during many long-distance races.)

In the UK, a 14-year-old sea cadet died when he fell from the rigging of the sailing brig *TS Royalist* while it was anchored at Portsmouth. He was furling sails and unclipped his safety harness to help a nearby female cadet who was having trouble with her bit of the sail. He hit a deck bin and the side of the ship before landing in the water and died of traumatic chest injuries later that day.

At Antwerp, an old ferry will become a city-operated swimming pool, complete with water filtered and heated each night. (Make-up water will be taken from the harbor and filtered through reed beds). Available will be a 120-meter, Olympic sized swimming pool, restaurants, bars and meeting spaces. The Badboot (bathing boat) will double as a skating rink in winter. Open this August, admission will be four euros.

The mobile drilling unit *Noble Clyde Boudreaux* was anchored in 2,027 meters of water, a world record depth. Deploying and retrieving a drill rig's anchors requires powerful tugs with immensely strong and large winches to handle the mooring lines, which are increasingly being made from ultra high strength plastics instead of wire.

This columnist's headline pick of the month was "Removal of Capsized *Costa Concordia* to Begin in Italy." Doesn't that lead one to wonder where the salvage process will finish?

Having grown up on the water as a kid and having spent the past more than three decades of my life working on the water, I have come to the very astute observation that one should NEVER, under any circumstances buy a boat unseen. You might think you have good rational for doing so; i.e., too good a deal to pass up, it is such a long distance away the travel time to inspect the boat would be impractical or is not possible at the moment, a “survey” on the boat would cost more than the boat is worth, etc, etc.

However, I have, on rare occasions, been known to commit such follies. I will let the reader be the judge of the outcome. The author claims no responsibility for anyone reading this who gets themselves in a mess as a result of reading this.

Having already mentioned that I work on the water for a living... I, too, as you who are likely reading this in your comfortable armchair, get a longing for sailing in warmer climates in the wintertime. Also, maybe, as with you, finances may have a constraint on any but vicarious dreaming of a warm sail with sandy beaches and a quiet secluded cove.

Well, one winter a number of years ago I subscribed to a publication called the *Florida Sailboat Trader*. Now the fact that I was currently residing and working in Downeast Maine did not deter me from the pleasure of perusing various sailboat bargains over a thousand miles away. I am also partial to traditional watercraft and ones that are of shoal draft are a particular plus. I grew up on the shoal and breezy waters of Long Island's Great South Bay where almost all of the working sail and yachts of the previous century were centerboarders.

As the winter progressed in earnest and the snowdrifts began to accumulate for the duration, I came across an interesting ad for a 32' ketch rigged sharpie. This one was Chinese junk (lug) rigged, had not one centerboard, but two, and had a 6hp outboard in a well.

I called the owner one evening, a nice gentleman who had owned the sharpie for about 17 years and was selling her due to his declining health. I don't remember what the original asking price was, I think around \$2,900. We had a pleasant conversation and then, as often happens in life, I was side-tracked with other worldly matters.

A few weeks later I decided to again call about the sharpie and found out that the owner had had a number of interested parties looking at the vessel and during this process he had realized that his sharpie needed quite a bit of work, so he had just decided to lower the price to \$1,200 and the first person to come up with the sum would be the new owner of the boat.

He had also recalled our previous conversation and had been hoping I would call back as he thought I seemed fairly knowledgeable and a kindred spirit when it came to sailing.

OK, so what would you do? I was over 1500 miles away and remember, you should NEVER buy a boat sight unseen! Well, if you have followed me this far you must have realized that I sent out a cashier's check for \$1,200 in the next day's mail.

A couple of weeks later found me making my way down to Florida to meet the former owner of the sharpie and to see what I had gotten myself into. If memory serves me correctly I seem to remember having boxed up some supplies and tools and sent them down via UPS to arrive ahead of me.

## Never Buy a Boat Sight Unseen!



First look, shabby but...

When I finally met the sharpie's owner, Elrow LaRowe, I found out that Mr. LaRowe had been the one to commission Phil Bolger to design the famous Micro yawl and had been, until recently, selling plans for it. Mr. LaRowe and I had an enjoyable meeting, apparently bed-bound, and seemed relieved that the responsibility for the sharpie was in another's hands. In fact, Mr LaRowe passed away within a short time after my arriving as I found out when I went back to visit a few days later.

What was my reaction when I first went down to inspect the sharpie (then named *Plain Jane*)?

Well, remember I started out this article by saying you should NEVER buy a boat unseen! As I expected the sharpie did need an extensive overhaul and cosmetics as Mr LaRowe had indicated to me. Whoever had originally built the sharpie had a clever builder and designer who seemed to follow the “form follows function” precepts.

Thirty-two feet long, narrow and double ended, nonetheless the vessel had considerable room down below due to her flush deck running completely out to the sides. Built of plywood and fiberglass, the basic hull seemed to be in good shape. To gain room in the cabin and also to give longitudinal strength to the hull, two deep stringers ran the length of the hull and in the cabin formed the sides for the berths. These I seem to recall were approximately 2"x12's set up on edge and fastened through from the plywood bottom planking.

Ballast, in the form of concrete and scrap steel had been placed “outboard” of these stringers, between the stringers (one could also call them sister keelsons) and the chines. It was a clever and effective way to have the inside ballast low and also leave the center aisle clear to get maximum headroom (about 5').

Unfortunately the scrap steel in the ballast had not been completely immersed in the cement. This had caused the steel to rust and expand like freezing water and had begun to push the tops of the stringers inboard! What a mess! I honestly believe Mr. LaRowe was not aware of this. Likely my background dabbling in various boat construction (including wood, fiberglass and steel) had given me some insight into the cause.

I think at this point if I had actually viewed the sharpie before I bought it I would have said “no thanks,” taken a drive down to the nearest ocean beach for a swim and then gone home. But I had the bull by the horns

now and there was no use fretting over it. I found a boatyard about 15 miles down the coast in Tarpon Springs that had a “do it yourself” yard policy. I then hired a local boat for a modest sum to tow me and the sharpie down there on a nice quiet day. Hauled out, the sharpie indeed had nice lines. Her seemingly ungainly rig made me decide to name her after our abundant waterfowl Down East, the cormorant.

As it turned out she ultimately emulated her namesake, as a cormorant she originally makes you think she is a little ungainly and awkward, but once she starts performing what she was built for you gain a new appreciation for her (if you ever see a cormorant swimming underwater you will know what I mean). The cosmetic part of the restoration was pretty straightforward, a lot of sanding, some fairing and painting and, in the process, also replacing some trim and rub rail sections that had deteriorated.

Now what to do with those stringers? I knew they would only get worse and it would continue to bug me if I just lived with them. I rented a small electric jack hammer from the local hardware store and began chipping away at the concrete that was pressing against the stringers. Then after enough was cleared away I managed to jack the stringers partially back in place. Finally I filled the voids with epoxy.

The work itself was proving to be therapeutic, sort of a busman's holiday. Working a long day in the hot Florida sun and taking a cool dip in the water late in the day was exhilarating, especially as I could see the progress in leaps and bounds. Even the yard crew was making positive comments about the impressive transformation.

With new semi-gloss white topsides, a couple of new coats of bottom paint and new name boards I had fashioned in Maine, the *Cormorant* was really starting to preen her feathers! After a solid week of work I headed home to catch up on business and bring my young family down to begin some gunkholing and coastal exploration.

A few weeks later found the family in Florida at a hotel, enjoying some sun and the pool while I finished up some details on the sharpie prior to launching. Figuring out the Chinese lug rig was a bit of a puzzle, never having any experience with the type before. Fortunately I had read an interesting book called *Eric the Red* by Donald Ridler about a homemade dory built on a shoestring that the author had rigged with a Chinese lug rig and sailed across the Atlantic from the UK and back, great read if you can find the book.

However, a little bit of logic after rigging a number of vessels over the years went a long way and we were soon in the water and making our way under sail down the Anclote river. The sail was exhilarating! Whomever had designed this sharpie knew what they were doing! She heeled to the modest breeze and tore off downriver, tracking and handling well.

With two centerboards rigged fore and aft the balance was exceptional. The rig was simple and unstayed and suddenly, as we made our way downriver, the mainmast gave a sudden lurch to port! Had we snapped the mast? A quick luff up and then down with the rig.

Upon further investigation it turned out that the mast was fine, it was the step, which was a small pad that had originally been just glassed to the plywood on the inside of the bottom planking whose bond had broken, allowing the butt of the mast to slide off cen-



ter. We made our way back to the boatyard as I pondered a suitable repair. I really did not like the way the original step was installed, despite that almost everything else on the hull was well constructed.

I decided to utilize a mast step that surrounded the mast (the original was just a small pad that the foot of the mast sat on). I went to the local lumberyard and got some 3/4" plywood and glue and cut it into pieces that would fasten over the chine timbers and rest against the inside of the hull planking. This raised the mast step a couple of inches and sandwiched it around the mast after I had cut and glued multiple layers in place.

On top of this, as it was a weekend and the yard crew were gone, I did it with the mast in place. I levered it back into position and then built the step around it. After we were finished I felt it was stronger than the original design.

The next morning we were underway again. All the work seemed to be worthwhile as my two youngest children, Melanie and Todd, marveled at the blue water and the flying pelicans surrounding them. Anchoring off a sandy beach in about 3' of water we enjoyed a simple leisurely meal as we watched the sun going down. Doesn't food always taste better when you are cruising?

I set the kerosene lantern anchor light and we all turned in to the ever so slight rolling and creaking of the hull. The next morning was calm and after a leisurely breakfast we fired up the 6hp Evinrude and got underway.

The outboard well placement was ideal. Placed ahead of the rudder it allowed the prop wash to be directed at the balanced rudder (a rudder having part of its surface area ahead of the rudder post), giving exception-

Undergoing restoration.

ally good steering under power. The 6hp in this application was an ample auxiliary for this 32' sharpie hull and hummed away at an economical rate.

We had also picked up an inexpensive inflatable raft at a department store that could be stored on top of the cabin. Although not an ideal tender, in the sheltered and protected areas where we utilized it, it added a new dimension to our exploration of uncrowded sand beaches.

A cheap bamboo fishing pole kit made for some ample amusement for the little ones even if it did not contribute much to the larder. Our cruise only lasted for a few days, but the memories of it last for a lifetime. As our time started to run short we located a marina to tie up the *Cormorant* on a monthly basis.

With all good intentions of coming back for more cruising we did a last day sail around the harbor with the *Cormorant* heeling to the brisk breeze and slicing almost undisturbed through the water. Living up to her namesake, the *Cormorant*, whom at first looked ungainly, was a marvel to behold when she was in her element.

Heading north to Virginia to visit my father who was struggling with a serious illness, we visited for a while and then made our long drive back home to Maine. It was the last time we were to sail on the *Cormorant*. My father's illness became worse and I decided to put the sharpie up for sale.

A new owner eventually came along and the *Cormorant* again ventured forth on another phase of her life. So was it worth it in the long run? I had foolishly bought a boat sight unseen in another state seemingly a world away. I had more headaches than I originally anticipated (so what else is new with boat ownership, do

YOU own a boat, too?).

When all was said and done I probably about broke even between the cost of buying *Cormorant*, what I put into it and what she was finally sold for. For me it was worth it. I took a foolish gamble but I was risking a fairly small sum. I also knew enough not to plan on heading out into exposed waters or dangerous weather conditions.

But I had an adventure I otherwise would have never had. I still think about the experience today even though nearly 20 years have passed. I suppose I could have been more practical and just chartered a small boat for a week. Let the other owner worry about things, sort of just like a rental car. But somehow I don't think it would have been the same.

As I write this life seems to have come almost full circle, the world truly is a small place. I had just finished a long season of running my four-masted schooner, along with a number of other passenger vessels and ferries we operate up here on the Maine coast. I had been putting in 7 days a week and often 16-hour days since sometime in May.

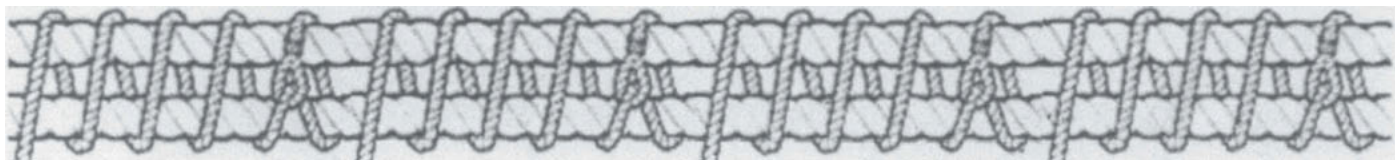
I was daydreaming about doing some gunkholing and camp cruising in my off-season. Perusing the internet I came across a 15' Bolger Micro yawl further down the coast. The owner offered me the Micro for a very modest price, including the trailer, and even offered to drive it up the coast and meet me halfway.

If you recall it was Elrow LaRowe who had Phil Bolger design the Micro for him. Now I have the Micro sitting in our shop, waiting for a few minor repairs and cosmetics while I dream a little as our latest snow fall dropped over 8" in Downeast Maine. However, just because I had some dumb luck and survived this irrational approach to boat buying, remember, do NOT try this at home! NEVER buy a boat sight unseen!

Under sail.



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## SCRAPS & DK-13 Budget Kayaks You Can Build

"Dear Bob, you've been promising us two kayaks for months now. This last issue, curraghs, gigs, garveys. All very nice, but...where's the kayaks?" And so one reader inquires.

"This is all about a couple of kayak designs I acquired offering low cost easy-to-build wood/fabric lightweight craft. My thought was to build myself one for use in more inaccessible backwaters, marshes, ponds, etc. where lugging in the big Folbot double or my Easy Rider would be a struggle. I figured I'd tell you about the plans and what it was like to build the one I chose. But, the building part has yet to happen. Fortunately, two readers have built one of the designs and I do have their comments upon it.

The thought here was that this boat would not be subjected to strenuous conditions, nor would it be used a great deal. So it could be very light and should be really cheap. A couple of mentions of this sort of thing turned up in my reading and I sent off for the details.

For \$10 the plans and building instructions for SCRAPS were ordered from Kayak, P.O. Box 90837, Nashville, TN. 37209. Advertised as a "kayak for touring, whitewater or just plain fun", it was further described as being able to be "built for about \$40 depending on the degree of your local larceny". SCRAPS turned out to be a 12'x28" wood and fabric craft weighing 30 pounds. It is built up as plywood planking on wooden stringers in a hard chine form with a fabric or vinyl decking. This is a pretty simple, straightforward sort of construction. The claim of 15 hours and simple tools seemed reasonable. The weight was a bit higher than I had hoped for, but the claim of the hull being able to bounce off rocks is probably based on this fairly ruggedly reinforced construction. The "plans" are just sketches in a 12 page set of building instructions. They are entirely adequate with all pertinent dimensions and construction details illustrated.

For \$15 the plans and building instructions for the DK-11 were ordered from Dennis Davis, Tommainan-eun, Isle of Coll, Argyll PA78 6TB, Scotland. I had seen mention of this boat in SMALL

This little jewel is easier to paddle and more stable than a canoe, takes rough water and wind like a duck, and the hull is strong enough to bounce off rocks.

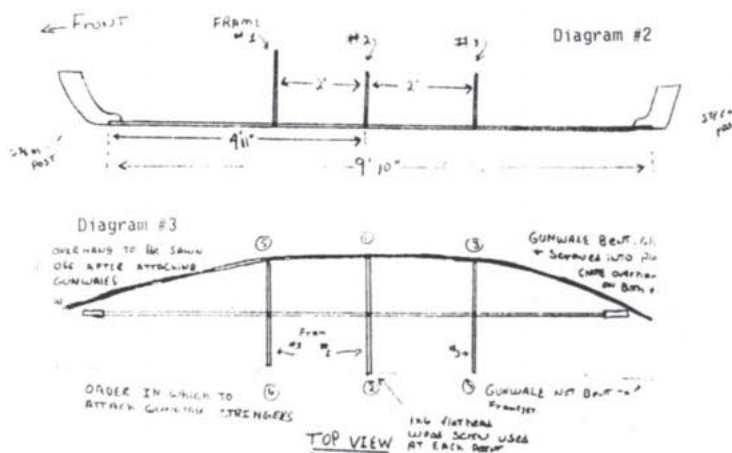
IT CAN BE BUILT FOR ABOUT \$40.00  
(depending on the degree of local larceny)

For just 15 hours time, a few hand tools, and some pocket change she can be yours. Build one and see for yourself that it doesn't have to cost hundreds to own and enjoy a quality, seaworthy craft.



length 12'  
width 28"  
draft 3 1/2"  
weight 30 lb.  
hull 1/2" ply  
deck vinyl or painted cloth

PLANS AND INSTRUCTIONS including paddle plans and cost cutting tips for just \$10.00. send to:  
KAYAK  
PO BOX 90837  
NASHVILLE, TN. 37209

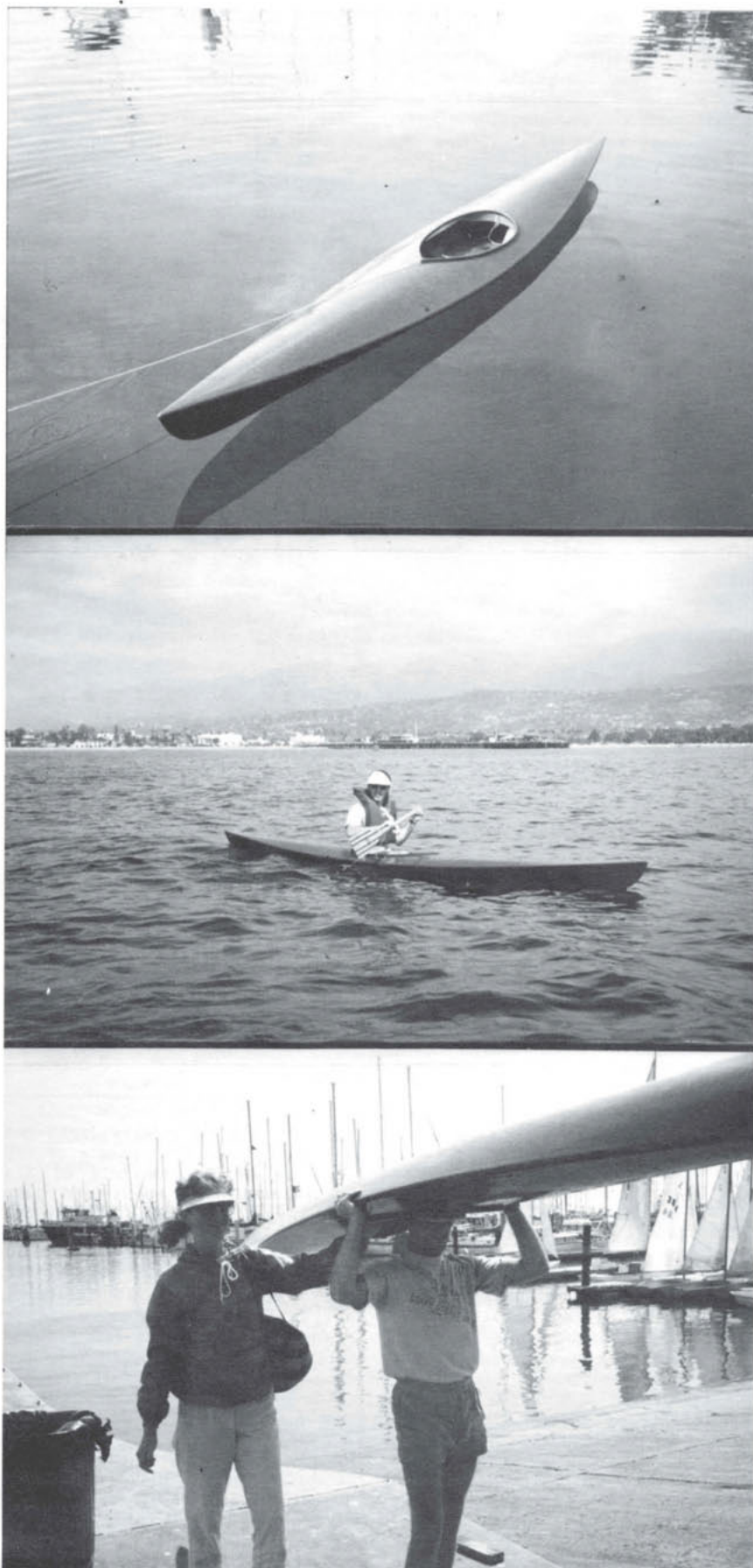


BOAT JOURNAL, and it turned out that WOODEN BOAT had done a rather complete article on another of Dennis Davis' designs, the DK-13 in its May/June 1986 issue. (Davis will teach building his DK-14, a 15 footer for heavier use, at Wooden Boat School, August 16-22 and September 20-26. Contact Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616). The DK boats are advertised as simple to build, round bilged plywood craft requiring no jigs or molds. The only internal framing pieces are a keelson, two inwale strips where the hull sections and decks join, and two cockpit framing pieces. It's a stitch and glue type of construction. The DK-11 plans I received are for a 13'2"x24.5" craft, "for general purpose river use". The DK-13 in WOODEN BOAT is 13'8"x25" "intended for the beginner". Davis claims no weight but

this HAS to be a very light boat with only two 4'x8' sheets of 1/8" plywood and a few bits of 3/4" spruce and some epoxy and glass tape involved.

So I decided this was the one I'd do, and it looks interesting. The design requires "torturing" the plywood panels into compound curves for the hull to create the round bilge form tapering nicely into both ends. The plans are very complete and include full size patterns for the two short deck beams that form the cockpit opening ends. A single sheet of instructions clearly details step-by-step construction in 20 stages. I've acquired the two sheets of 1/8" luan plywood at \$15 a sheet, already have epoxy and glass tape around, and the odd bits of spruce for cockpit frame pieces, inwales and keelson. Now I need to find the time, even for so simple a project.





David Amenta's DK-13 is a work of art for a first boat project, pleasant to paddle and easy to carry too!

Meanwhile, two readers, aware of this imminent article, informed me that they had undertaken the DK-13 building from the WOODEN BOAT article. David Amenta of Santa Barbara, CA, wrote as follows of his experiences:

"For the past year I have been reading, ordering study sheets, writing letters, buying back issues, going to the library, and generally neglecting everything else in the search for my first boat building project. Until the article on building Dennis Davis' DK-13 kayak appeared in WOODEN BOAT, I thought my quest would never end.

I am happy to report that I have launched my own DK-13 and am delighted with the results and its performance. The construction directions (in WOODEN BOAT) were clear, easy to follow and accurate. The photos were useful in understanding some of the more difficult procedures. The materials list was vital for this first time builder. If I were building again, though, I would obtain the plans set from Dennis Davis, as these would make some of the steps easier and result in more accurate fitting.

I made several modifications during construction. I used 4mm (5/32") Bruynzeel marine plywood instead of 3mm (1/8") because I could not locate the 3mm material. The extra thickness was a problem only when coaxing it into the compound curved spoon shape and this required a force needing two persons. I think it makes the boat a bit more durable if harder to build. I haven't weighed the finished boat, but I can carry it easily the 1/4 mile from parking lot to harbor ramp here. I used added glass tape 4" wide over a first layer 2" wide on the outside keel seam and hull-to-deck seams. I made a tear-drop shape cockpit opening instead of the rectangular one, laminating strips of ash to the required shape for a coaming. This adds an extra bit of freeboard and looks very graceful. Under the decks I glued up fitted pieces of styrofoam surfboard blanks for flotation.

Construction took two months, in the living room and on the sun-deck of our condominium, much to my wife's displeasure. I'm sure the next boat will be built elsewhere!

I finished the boat with regular home variety exterior enamel and worried at that time if I should have used marine grade. I have since concluded that the house paint is adequate and a bargain to boot.

My paddling to date (about 30 outings) has been in, around and outside the Santa Barbara harbor and coastal area. Even in choppy, windy conditions the boat tracks well and is dry. I even surfed it on the harbor sandspit, quite a thrill, even better than boogie boarding! I do feel a 'small keel



I have opted for a 52" solid ash single canoe paddle bought from L.L. Bean rather than a double kayak paddle. I have better control over my single paddle and can conveniently carry a spare inside the boat. And the single doesn't drip onto my lap the way a double does."

Back here in New England, John Grzywinski of Bristol, CT, has undertaken a DK-13 with his son, a project which has enthused them both. John has the following remarks on their experiences:

We decided to add two full bulkheads at each end of the keelson which formed chambers in each end which we filled with flotation. We modified the cockpit shape to that of the DK-11 just for looks."

My procastination has benefitted me with this input. Since this is to be sort of a "supplementary" kayak for special circumstances, I'm going ahead with my approach, which is the light and cheap one. The 1/8" luan is cheap and light. I'll seal the entire hull with epoxy, and install those end bulkheads for flotation tanks. I'll use the wider glass tape doubled on the keel joint and deck/hull joints. I have a nice ultra light basswood double paddle from Shaw & Tenney that's perfect for this sort of boat. I WILL get it built in time for summer paddling in warmer waters of sheltered spots, and fall outings in area marshes and several remote ponds accessible only over footpaths in local state forests. Not big adventures, very small ones.





# Sarasota Model Yachts

Submitted by Dave Lucas

(Amongst all the small boating news we get from Dave Lucas in Bradenton, Florida, was a suggestion to look into the website of Sarasota Model Yachts to see some truly impressive model yachts on offer. I did so and chose from the array of models the following model, as I had personal experience with the original schooner when it was brought home to its building site in nearby Essex in 1991. At that time I chronicled in depth the rescue of the vessel, sunken at a pier in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and its haulout, in the April 15, 1991 issue—Editor)

The following text is excerpted from the Sarasota Model Yachts website:  
<http://www.sarasotamodelyachts.com>

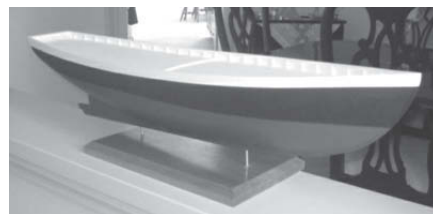
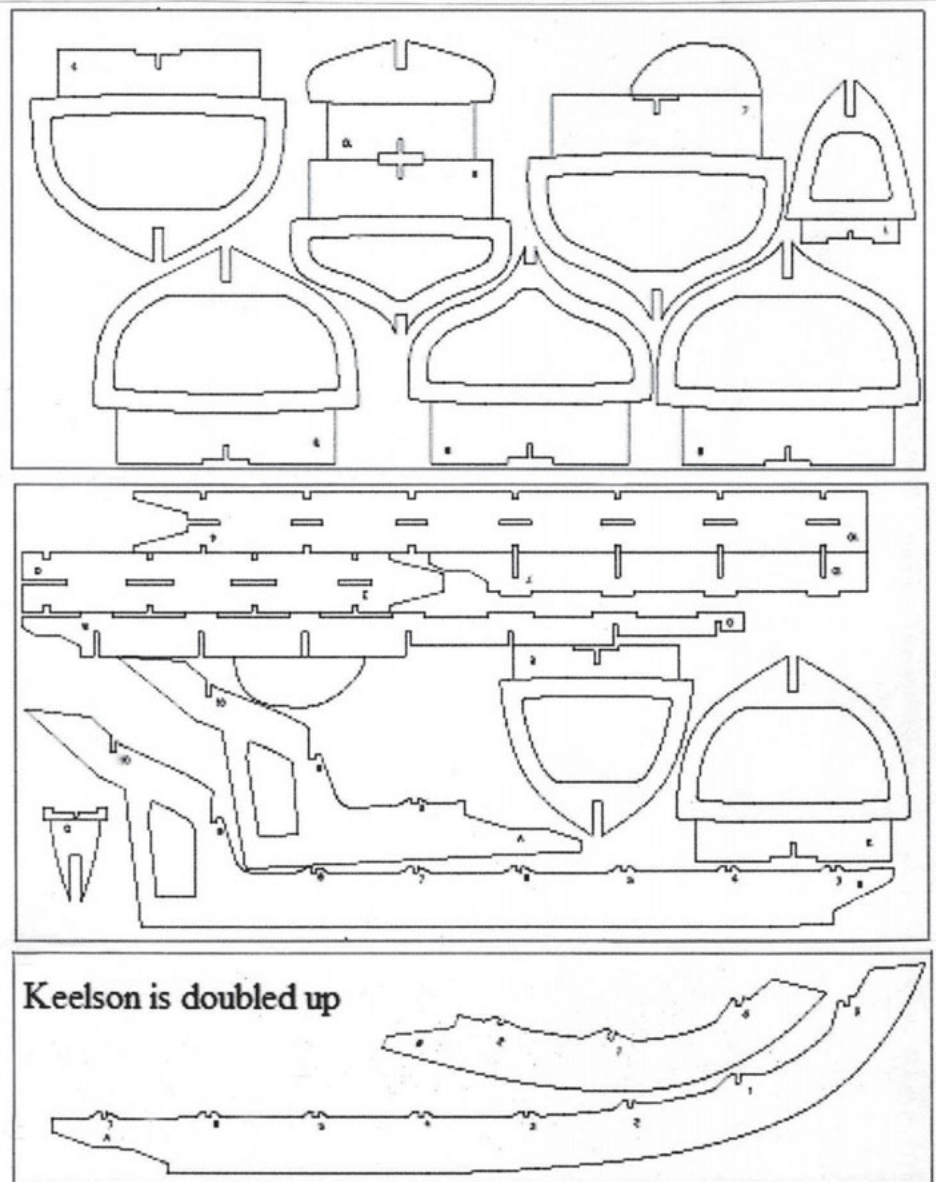
## The *Evelina M. Goulart*

The Essex Shipbuilding Museum in Essex, Massachusetts, has the 84-year-old *Evelina M. Goulart* schooner on display very near where she was originally launched on June 29, 1927, since she came home under tow in April 1991. She is an excellent example of the nearly 4,000 fishing schooners that plied their trade off the New England coast. There was a proposal to do a cutaway exhibit of her (she is not in restorable condition for returning to the sea) to show how these schooners were built. She is an almost pure example of early ship building techniques, a classroom for modern craftsmen and students of these old skills.

For over 50 years she fished the North Atlantic, from Canada to the Carolinas. Twice she held the record for the most swordfish caught in a single voyage. She was one of the last in a long line of nearly 4,000 Essex-built schooners. She is now one of only five that survived.

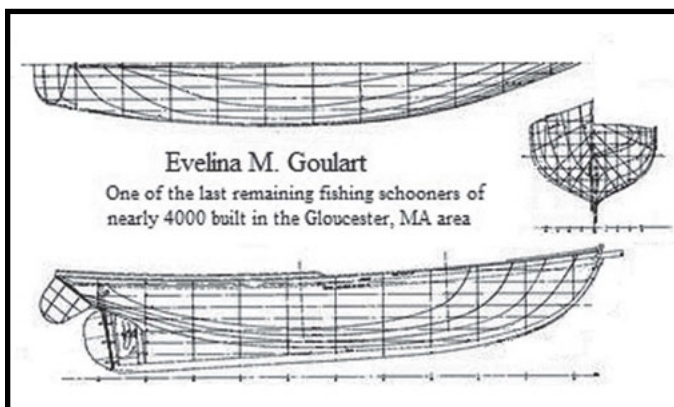
Her nearly original hull is constructed from white oak and long leaf yellow pine. Her double frames are 6" sided. She is fastened throughout with over 6,000 wooden pegs known as trunnels.

It is proposed that laser cut frames be provided to a modeler to build an open half model diorama to show what she would look like to would-be donors. I will provide the frames if someone comes forward. She is to be used as a teaching example of how the genre were built.



This 31 1/4" *Evelina M. Goulart* model is for sale for \$395 plus S&H with an appropriate commemorative engraved nameplate. Consider donating it to the Essex Museum's collection.

Contact Milton Thrasher, 4258 Hearthstone Dr, Sarasota, FL, (941) 966-9172, [mthrasher@verizon.net](mailto:mthrasher@verizon.net)



All the curves and shapes of a boat tend to intimidate the novice, but once you take a little time to study a well-drawn set of plans you begin to see the logic of the assembly and, as you get into the actual set-up and construction of a wooden boat, you learn that the seemingly complicated shapes are readily achieved using very basic tools and the natural bending qualities of wood.

The basic construction techniques of wooden boat building are not difficult to learn; the tools required are minimal and likely to be found in a very modestly equipped shop. The key ingredient for success is the determination to learn an exciting new art, and a great motivator is the knowledge that you will be creating your own useful and attractive watercraft.

The first boat I built was a sailing skiff similar to my Footloose design. I had few tools and no woodworking experience but I was determined to build a vessel that would allow me to explore the estuary near where I lived. The result was a respectable little boat that rowed and sailed well, but more importantly, the project gave me the knowledge and confidence to try my hand at more challenging designs.

I learned that a few hand tools can do a lot of work. I also learned that this kind of woodworking is more art than science and much of it is accomplished by cut-and-fit, a little at a time, until things match up. And I got a wonderful feeling of accomplishment by creating, from a pile of lumber and some nails and glue, a boat that provided many years of pleasure.

When selecting a design for your boat building project there are a number of things you should consider to help ensure a successful and rewarding experience. The most important of all is to choose a style and size of boat that best fits your specific needs now, not some dream boat that could easily turn out to be an overwhelmingly difficult, expensive and frustrating chore.

The object is to enjoy the building process and soon thereafter reap the rewards of launching and using a watercraft of your own creation. So select the size and hull form that best meet your immediate requirements. You can upsize and get fancy with the next project, but consider simplicity of construction and function for your first boatbuilding project.

## Choosing a Boat Design

### Some Guidelines for a First Boat Project

By Warren Jordan  
Jordan Wood Boats  
www.jordanwoodboats.com

#### Hull Form

It's true in nature, and also with boats, that form follows function, meaning that hull forms have evolved over many years into ones that are best suited for their use. Where heavy weather work was required, boats with superior seaworthy qualities were developed, through trial and error, to handle the conditions. Where boats were mainly propelled with oar or paddle, hull shapes evolved that were most easily propelled by human power, and where sail or low-powered motors were the only propulsion, the boats also needed to be of a form that required minimal power.

Of course, much of this thinking went out the window with the development of high powered engines, but for the types of boats we are considering, those intended for oar, paddle, sail or low-power propulsion, this concept is as valid as ever. In a nutshell, here are the basic hull forms:

**Flat Bottom:** The flat bottom skiff is the easiest and cheapest type of boat to build and perhaps the most useful of all. For shallow water use and for beaching, flat bottom boats really are the best choice. Flat bottom is a somewhat misleading term since they usually are flat bottomed only in cross section. Most have rocker when viewed in profile, the amount varying according to the source of propulsion.

If designed to handle enough power to plane, the hull should have a bottom profile that is nearly straight and parallel to the waterline, with no rocker, from roughly one-third the length from the bow aft to the transom. If designed for rowing or sailing there should be enough bottom rocker for the transom to be out of the water, to reduce drag.

**V-Bottom:** V-bottom hulls are generally considered better than flat bottom types for rougher sea conditions but are somewhat more difficult and expensive to build. Except in shallow V types, they are not practical where beaching is a requirement. The same general considerations concerning the amount of rocker for flat bottom boats apply to V-bottoms.

**Round bottom:** Round bottom hulls are the most sea kindly of all. They are also the most difficult and expensive type to build, but are good choices for those wanting to experience the full range of traditional boat building.

**Pointed Bow:** Boats with pointed bows are generally better for rougher water since they cut through choppy water with minimal resistance.

**Blunt Bow:** This category includes, prams, punts, jonboats and garveys. Blunt bowed boats don't handle choppy waters

well, but they do offer considerable roominess in a relatively short length, making them an excellent choice for car topping, toting in the bed of a pickup or as tenders to be stowed on the decks of larger boats. They make great beach boats because it they are easy to board or exit over the bow transom.

#### Size

For a first boat building project, I recommend starting small. An 8' or 10' pram is an inexpensive and easy project and a good choice for the new builder to try out techniques that will be used again and again for his expanding fleet. It has been my experience that these small boats see more use than any other. They are so handy and easy to launch that they are very often the first choice when one wants an uncomplicated day on the water. When choosing the size of boat consider these variables:

**Prevailing Weather and Sea Conditions:** If your typical boating includes rough water work, a larger boat with greater freeboard (height of gunwales above the water) and deeper draft is generally preferred. You'll sometimes hear the word "seaworthy" used in reference to a particular boat's rough water ability, but beware, this is a subjective term that often goes hand-in-hand with two other terms, ego and ignorance. Those twin follies have been responsible for countless marine disasters.

One in particular that I witnessed happened shortly after the proud skipper of a brand new 18' sport fishing boat announced, "My boat can take anything this ocean has to offer." Refusing to heed our warnings, he headed seaward and promptly capsized on a very rough bar. Fortunately he and his passengers were rescued, but his dreamboat was a total loss.

**Maximum Safe Load:** Check the designer's specifications to make sure the boat can safely handle the weight of the intended crew and their gear.

**Car Top or Trailer:** If you plan to car-top your boat, keep in mind that you should limit the weight to around 100lbs if you go boating alone, and perhaps 150lbs or so if you have help. That is about all you will be able to handle without straining. If your boat exceeds this you should use a trailer. Trailering also makes sense if you have lots of gear, since it can all be stored and transported in the boat along with the motor.

#### Time and Budget Considerations


How much time and money are you willing to devote to the project? Smaller boats are generally easier and less time-consuming to build, and are less expensive to rig and power.

#### Building Space

Limit your project to a size of boat that fits in your work area, with some room to spare for the various woodworking tasks involved.

#### Storage Space

This is an important consideration if you plan to store your boat indoors.



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# The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

## From the Director

Eric Stockinger

### Cruise of the *Ruth*

Earlier this past spring I drove down to the Maine Maritime Museum in Bath to participate in their 40th Annual Albert Reed & Thelma Walker Maritime History Symposium. There I had the opportunity to talk about the program collaborations planned to celebrate The Apprenticeshop's 40th Anniversary and the Museum's 50th anniversary this year. Though it has been in the planning stage for a long while here at the Shop, it dawned on me that most people don't know about one of the most exciting projects, the *Ruth* expedition from Bath to Rockland.

This summer we will sail our Crotch Island Pinky *Ruth*, along with some other traditional boats, from Rockland to Bath and back again to celebrate our shared milestone anniversaries.

A Crotch Island Pinky was first built at the Shop in Bath around 1974. That build was followed by several others, and in 2002 the Shop in Rockland built *Ruth* to be used here for seamanship training. Our anniversary expedition aboard *Ruth* will happen in mid-July and we are currently looking for apprentice alumni from all 40 years to join us on part, or all, of the journey.

Seamanship has always been an integral component of The Apprenticeshop's hands-on education goals. The Shop was founded on the idea of building and then using boats that hadn't been seen on the Maine coast for many years. Today, sailing remains an opportunity unique to our program.

I think this anniversary expedition is a great opportunity for apprentices old and new to do something together. What better place to talk about the shared experience of being at the Shop than in a traditional sprit-rigged ketch, sailing along the coast of Maine? I realize that most people will not be able to make the whole trip (I'm one of them), but we are working to set up a few pick up/drop off sites along the route to accommodate alums who want to be part of this unique trip. Feel free to call or email me if you're interested.

[www.apprenticeshop.org](http://www.apprenticeshop.org)  
[info@apprenticeshop.org](mailto:info@apprenticeshop.org)

### New Workshops Added in 2012

Last year, The Apprenticeshop introduced a series of adult workshops and short courses in the Shop. Building on that success, this year we've added a few more.

New to our catalog this year is the Fundamentals Series. When apprentices start their 2-year program, they learn the basics: how to sharpen chisels, tune-up hand tools and tie knots. These rudimentary skills lay the groundwork for all the classes we offer and are scheduled in simple, one-day workshops.

Based on the interest in our Sailor's Ditty Bag class, we are now offering a course on constructing a classic canvas bucket that

would be a welcome addition to any boat. We are also teaming up with Dwarka Boatworks to offer a one-day class in building a Greenland-style kayak paddle.

We have restructured the schedule of courses, in an effort to suit busy lifestyles. Most classes are offered as both weekend workshops or as multiple evenings. We've added daytime classes in July and August, so folks who are around in summer, but busy on weekends, can still join in.

Of course, interested persons can still come and learn to loft a boat, hang a plank, carve a half hull or build a toboggan. And we will repeat our series of week-long, traditional boatbuilding skills courses. Taking all three in a row is a great way to get a solid foundation of traditional wooden boatbuilding.



## From the Shop Floor

Otto Neumuth of western Massachusetts is The Apprenticeshop's newest Intensive Program student. This program, formerly called the Internship, is a three-month immersion in traditional wooden boat craftsmanship, focusing on the Susan skiff, a flat bottomed, lapstrake design that is the first boat project for all two-year apprentices.

Since graduating from Lewis & Clark College (Portland, Oregon) in 2006 with a degree in biology, he has worked seasonal jobs around the country and around the globe. He's done stints as a wilderness ranger in the Bridger-Teton and Bighorn National Forests in Wyoming, but most recently came "off the ice" after five months of employment in Antarctica where he worked at the McMurdo research station on fiber optic cable conduits.

When asked why he came to The Apprenticeshop, Neumuth searches for the answer. "I

had some background in construction techniques, but I wanted to learn the basics of wooden boat building. After lightning struck my family's canoe, my dad and I tried building one ourselves. I really enjoyed the process but I didn't know what I was doing! I am interested in exploring a future in boat building, but know that it's hard to get into. I am also interested in Maine and the culture here, so I wanted to come to see if boat building really could be a next step for me."

Neumuth prefers the community benefits of learning at a school to the prospect of learning at home with a book, kit or family member. Currently two other Susan skiffs are under construction at the Shop by four first year apprentices. "We're all figuring it out together. There are a lot of counter-intuitive steps to boat building that I would not have realized by myself, so it's great to get questions answered. And the tools, space and resources are all something I would not have had access to at home."

Though he didn't have any expectations when he started, he remarks, "Building a Susan skiff is a lot more complicated than one would think. At first glance it seemed like it would be pretty simple, but it's not!"

While he has applied to return to Antarctica next October, he is still undecided about taking the job if accepted. "A lot depends on what is available here in Maine. I'm really just concentrating on learning this now," he said, fiddling with clamping his first plank onto a chine and smiling, "I'm not sure what's next!"



### HELP WANTED

Do you have a few extra hours to spare?  
The Apprenticeshop needs your help. We are seeking volunteers to help us in many ways:

- In the Shop
- In the Yard
- On the Waterfront
- In the Office
- At Events

If you can help, please let us know by calling  
(207) 594-1800 or emailing [info@apprenticeshop.org](mailto:info@apprenticeshop.org).

**WE NEED YOU!**

Undergoing restoration now in our shop is the sloop *Felicity Ann*, a UK-built 23' sloop used by Englishwoman Ann Davison when she became the first woman to solo sail across the Atlantic in 1953. She wrote about her experience in her 1956 book *My Ship is So Small*.

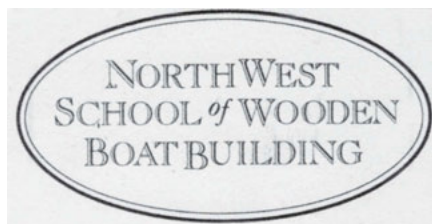
Author John Doherty, in his 1985 book *The Boats They Sailed In*, devoted an entire chapter to Ann's accomplishment, writing, "Her feat bears a close resemblance to other first-time-ever challenges, climbing Everest, sailing around the world non-stop, landing on the moon." Other ocean adventurers who appear in his book include Joshua Slocum (*Spray*), Thomas Fleming Day (*Sea Bird*), John Guzzwell (*Trekka*) and Lynn and Larry Pardey (*Seraffyn*). Ann Davison is in the lofty company she deserves.

*Felicity Ann* was built in the Cremyll Shipyard in England in 1939, but construction was interrupted by the war. The sloop was completed in 1949 or 1950. Ann bought her in the early '50s. *Felicity Ann* had the following particulars, to quote Doherty's book; loa 23', lwl 19', beam 7'6", draft 4'6" and over 5' with a full load, 2,000lbs of ballast with a working sail area of 237sf. One can see immediately why the title of her book is so apropos, she really was a very small vessel for an Atlantic crossing!

Ann was a civilian pilot in the Liverpool area before the war where she met and married her pilot and airfield owner husband. When the war came the English government took over the airfield, their planes and house and the Davisons lost nearly everything they had. With the little they had left they bought an island in a remote Scottish lake, farming there during the war.

After the war ended, the Davisons wanted to get away from the severe austerity that characterized postwar England. They bought and partially restored a large motor ketch but ran out of money. To avoid the boat being impounded, they took it to sea where they were wrecked and her husband drowned. After recovering, Ann went to work in a local boatyard, learned to sail and navigate and saved up the money to buy a boat, the *Felicity Ann*.

Quoting from her book, *My Ship is So Small*, "As soon as I set foot on her I knew



## Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding Restoring Historic Sloop *Felicity Ann*



Ann Davison's 1939 UK-built sloop *Felicity Ann* following summer, 2011 repair work.  
—P.M. Leenhouts Photo

she was right and that she was the ship for me. She was sympatico. She had a slightly aggressive air and the quality, distinguishable but indefinable, that spells reliability; adversity, I felt, would bring out the best in her."

After completing her lengthy crossing from Plymouth, England, via France, Spain, Morocco and the Canaries to New York, *Felicity Ann* was sold and, after many years, ended up in Alaska for a quarter century. Luckily the little sloop was stored under cover for most of her time in Alaska. A couple of years ago she was donated to the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding for a last chance at restoration.

Chief Boat School Instructor, Tim Lee, took her in hand and Repair and Restoration class instructors Ben Kahn and Sean Kooman led the 2011 class in beginning the restoration of *Felicity Ann*. The Large Craft class is currently working on the boat.

Penelope Partridge, a sailmaking alumni of the Boat School, approached the School in the fall of 2011 with a proposal to create a vocational educational program for high school girls and young women centered around completing the restoration of *Felicity Ann*.

Penelope and her volunteer co-coordinator, Kelley Watson, are currently working with the School to design, fundraise for and implement a program. They hope to offer learning opportunities for high school girls beginning in the fall of 2012. Penelope developed a website for the *Felicity Ann* at [www.felicityann.com](http://www.felicityann.com) and has set about talking to local groups about the project.

Penelope and volunteer Andrea Love have created a short video that is posted on the [www.felicityann.com](http://www.felicityann.com) website designed to compete in a 4H video competition. Should they win, the award would be applied to the *Felicity Ann* project. The video provides an overview of the project as well as the Community Boat Project, both of which are partnered with 4H. We encourage you to watch the video and "like it" to support the *Felicity Ann* Restoration Project.

Ann Davison and *Felicity Ann* hold a unique place in both small boat cruising and women's history. We consider ourselves fortunate to be able to contribute our repair and restoration expertise to the future of *Felicity Ann*.

Our latest boat, a Whitehall pulling boat built directly to lines taken from an over 100-year-old boat built in San Francisco and owned by the same family since purchase, was launched on Friday, April 13.

The Whitehall is a quintessentially American boat, developed from boats used aboard ships of the Royal Navy in the early years of the 19th century. Originally an East Coast design, primarily developed in New York and Boston, Whitehalls migrated west around Cape Horn on US sailing ships and by the turn of the 20th century were being built on the West Coast. They are well known as fast, able boats under oars or sails and, in their various forms, were used to carry harbor pilots out to inbound clipper ships, as water taxis and as fast harbor cargo delivery boats during the height of their popularity in the 1800s and early 1900s.

The classic Whitehall on which we based our new boat was purchased new in San Francisco in 1906, over a century ago, by the family that owned and used the boat over several generations. The family recently donated the boat to The Center for Wooden

## Whitehall Pulling Boat Launched

Report and Photos by P.M. Leenhouts



Original 1906 San Francisco-built Whitehall *Alderbrook* at The Center For Wooden Boats Boathouse at Cama Beach State Park in November 2010.

Boats (CWB) ([www.cwb.org](http://www.cwb.org)) on Lake Union in Seattle, Washington, as a way to preserve it into its second century.

*Alderbrook*, as the original boat is known by the family, is a beautiful, sleek example of a Whitehall that, while modified slightly over time, remains an evocative example of the type. We are indeed fortunate that this beautiful boat so was so well maintained by generations of the family.

The shape of the boat and the details of how it was built were recorded during a training session at The Center For Wooden Boats Boathouse at Cama Beach State Park in late 2010. The purpose of the training session was to train teams of volunteers to record the lines of historic small craft for inclusion in the Historic American Engineering Record (HAER), a program of the Library of Congress that is maintained by the US Park Service (<http://www.nps.gov/history/hdp/haer>).

Jack Becker, a boatbuilding instructor at the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, assisted by this reporter, a Board Member at the School, both of us practiced in tra-



ditional methods of recording vessel lines, learned to record the historic vessel's lines using modern surveying equipment.

Boat's lines have been recorded for decades using a manual method for recording the boat's shape, a process which is taught at the School and which can take several days for a complex small craft such as a Whitehall. In contrast, the modern process takes just a few hours, or even minutes, depending on the type of recording equipment used.

Once the boat's lines were recorded and the boat itself documented to the rigorous standards demanded by the Park Service in support of the Smithsonian Program, Jack Becker's students in the 2011 Traditional Small Craft class began construction of the boat. The students lofted the boat full-size in the shop, a process used to develop patterns from which the boat's components were constructed. Jack's class

built the boat's backbone and planked the boat before the 2011 class ended.

Veteran instructor Ray Speck's 2012 Traditional Small Craft class picked up where Jack Becker's 2011 class left off and framed the new boat during the winter quarter from January through March, finishing it in early April.

While construction was in progress, Jack Becker submitted the documentation package to the National Park Service, which approved the package for inclusion in the Library of Congress. When digitized, the lines will be available to the public through the Historic American Engineering Record.

Our new Whitehall is 16'2" long with a 4'2" beam. It is built with a white oak stem and keel and a mahogany transom and planked with western red cedar. Its mahogany sheer strake, like the original, is var-

nished, "finished bright" in maritime parlance, a classic touch often found on the few surviving vintage Whitehalls and a sure sign of a proud owner.

The new boat was launched at the School in Port Hadlock on a bright sunny Friday by the students who built her and members of the family who were instrumental in preserving the 1906 boat for over a century.

*Alderbrook* itself, the original 1906-built boat, was donated to the San Francisco Maritime Museum in early 2011 by The Center for Wooden Boats, where it currently resides in the Museum's Small Craft collection.

Our new boat is for sale, so that we may help launch a new generation of Whitehall owners into the 21st century with the lines taken from the historic 1906-vintage boat. Interested people can check out the boat on our sale page at [www.nwboatschool.org](http://www.nwboatschool.org).



Boat School instructor Jack Becker learning to take lines using modern surveying equipment.



A student scrapes smooth a knee.

Instructor Jack Becker, left, and National Park Service Vessel Documentation Manager Todd Croteau look over the documentation while standing in front of the new Whitehall.



Students cut planking for the new Whitehall.

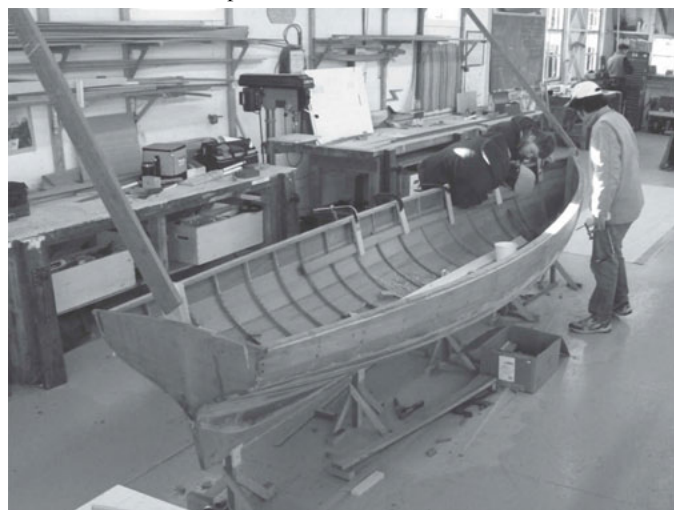


Students building components of the new Whitehall from the lofting. Here students build the stem and forefoot at the bow of the boat.



Students building components of the new Whitehall from the lofting. Here, students are building the molds, which define the shape of the hull.

Students work on the port inwale on the new boat.





Proud student builders and their instructors pose with the new boat and the family that was instrumental in preserving the original boat on the beach at Port Hadlock, Washington, before launch. Instructor Ray Speck is second from left, instructor Ben Kahn is fourth from left, and instructor Jack Becker is sixth from left.



Returning to the float following its first day afloat. The carvel hull and "bright" mahogany sheer strake stand out in this picture.—*Photo courtesy Elizabeth Becker, Seaport Photography*



The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding is located on Washington State's Olympic Peninsula ([www.nwboatschool.org](http://www.nwboatschool.org)). Locally known as "The Boat School," the School began its 31<sup>st</sup> year of classes in October 2011 with over 40 fulltime male and female students from across the US and several foreign countries. Students this past year ranged from recent high school graduates to a retired surgeon and range in age from 19 to 75.

The School is fully accredited by the Accrediting Commission of Career Schools and Colleges (ACCSC). The School's for credit programs include accredited nine-month diplomas and 12-month Associate Degrees of Occupational Studies in Traditional Small Craft, Traditional Large Craft, and Contemporary Wooden Boatbuilding. The School also offers a three-month for credit Certificate program in Comprehensive Sailmaking and Rigging.

The School's unaccredited evening classes offered during the year range from piloting and navigation skills to marine engine familiarization and repair classes. Short classes are also offered during the summer as space in the shops allow.

The School was founded in 1981 and carries on the vision of its founder, Puget Sound area Master Shipwright Bob Prothero, to teach and preserve the skills and crafts associated with wooden boat building.

The School strives to impart sound, practical knowledge in traditional maritime skills, using wooden boats as the training medium.

The School's waterfront heritage campus includes five boat shops in addition to

## About the NWSWBB

the School's administrative offices and an extensive library. Northwest Sails, which is associated with the School, maintains a large sail loft over the administrative offices and teaches a comprehensive for credit Sailmaking and Rigging class annually from January through March.

The School also has a large welding shop and a blacksmithing shop and partners with the Community Boatbuilding Program in a dedicated on-campus shop.

Well over a thousand students have graduated from the School's vocational programs and thousands more have attended summer and community workshops across the years. Many Boat School graduates work across the Pacific Northwest and the country where their craftsmanship, creativity and artistic talents enhance their communities. Boat School alumni can be found from the Netherlands to South Korea.

A typical day at the Boat School runs from 8am to 5pm. Students spend from 8am-10am in the classroom and from 10am-5pm in the shops with an hour off for lunch.

During the first semester, all students take the Basic Skills course. Students gain familiarity and hand tool expertise through a series of progressive exercise projects that include a series of joints, a dovetailed toolbox, a wooden plane and a half model. Classes and practical skills in drafting and lofting culminate in student-built wooden skiffs by the holidays.

The waterfront shops of the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding are visible in the lower right of this aerial photograph taken in January 2011, while the new Jeff Hammond Shop, the Large Craft Shop and the welding shops are visible in the upper left of the picture, halfway up the bluff.—*Photo courtesy Tom Roorda, Principal Surveyor, Northwestern Territories, Inc*

From January through mid-June annually students build at least two and occasionally three progressively more complicated boats in each of the major classes. The School builds boats both on commission and on a speculative basis that support the learning objectives of our students.

Cumulatively, for example, during the 2011 academic year students at the School built 17 boats ranging from an 8' Joel White Nutshell Pram to a H.C. Hanson-designed 26' diesel tug, not to mention beginning a Bob Perry-designed 62' strip planked day sailer to be completed in 2012.

The Sailmaking and Rigging students built an entire suite of gaff rig sails and rigged a 1943 UK-built Motor Fishing Vessel for which students in the Large Craft class made the 70' mainmast. This year they're building a complete suit of sails for the historic 1913-built schooner *Adventress*.

There has yet to be one year the same as another, though a common thread running through our over 30 years is the enthusiasm of the students and the amazing craftsmanship taught at the School by our instructors.

Full time Repair and Restoration and well as Interior Yacht Construction classes round out the academic year during the summer, and run from early July through the third week in September. Short summer classes are also offered to the general public from mid-June through the end of September.

We welcome visitors to our shops year round. We are located in the little waterfront town of Port Hadlock, Washington, on the east side of Washington's beautiful Olympic Peninsula, at the foot of Port Townsend Bay, and about 40 miles or so northwest of Seattle.

You can visit us online, too, at [www.nwboatschool.org](http://www.nwboatschool.org) and join us on Facebook at <http://www.facebook.com/NWBoatSchool>.

Applications are being accepted now for the 2012-2013 class at [www.nwboatschool.org](http://www.nwboatschool.org).



Once upon a time (all good tales start this way), *Popular Mechanics* had a short article on how to build a colossal flat bottom boat to rival the *Queen Mary* or *QEII* with such splendor that the *Titanic* withers in comparison. Cousins Joe and Bill Cunningham discovered this article and consulted with Hogs who had to be the smartest kid to ever walk the streets of Waukon, Iowa. Immediately they decreed that such a vessel must be built and commenced collecting peach crates, plywood, hammers, saws, nails, and anything else that looked like it should be around a junkyard, I mean, ah, boatyard.

The first corporate decision was to turn the area behind Cunningham's house and Dee Hastings's cornfield into an industrial site. In other words, this was the repository of all the brain power, paraphernalia, wood, old *Playboys*, cigarettes, tools and boys required to build such a piece of art.

Please note that Dee Hastings's cornfield was very important to young boys. It served as a quick place to pee, smoke a sinful cigarette (actually a cigarette was to be shared by at least eight boys) or look at a well worn 1959 *Playboy* edition with the spectacular Miss November who, in those days, left more covered than uncovered. All were worthy of a trip to the Saturday afternoon confessional.

The flat bottom jon boat was crafted with great deliberation and as much skill as a bunch of preteens could muster. We had not discovered the delights of fiberglass or resin so the concept of sealing the seams was based pretty much on using more nails. It was designed for the use of two people, so in our mind that meant at least four or maybe five boys.

Lacking paint we went au naturel although we may have splashed on a little varnish or some other coating if there was any lying around in the Cunningham basement. Itch Ahearn joined us with no desire for labor. For the record, and with the sense of full disclosure, I admit that I stood around and watched Joe, Bill and Jim do all the work. It was messy and mom wouldn't approve of my getting my clothes dirty.

Further, hammering a nail or sawing a straight line was far, far beyond my abilities. I honestly believe the Y chromosome for woodworking and carpentry totally missed me. My father and my son are pretty good at that sort of thing but I remain hopelessly challenged, as the politically correct folk say.

We quickly requested an adult to take several of us boys and the boat to Yellow

## A Kids' Garden of Boat Building

River to make a test run. In the minds of a 12-year-old, a test run and a full-blown cruise were pretty much the same. Mr. Leo Cunningham nicely volunteered to haul boat, boys and assorted necessities such as food, pop and oars, except the oars resembled 1x4s left over from some project.

Leo left us off by a bridge and said he would pick us up at another bridge a few hours later. Off he went. We sailors and nautical architects pushed the boat down the bank and into the water. So the crew of five plopped into the boat and shoved off. Joe immediately seized command as Captain and Skipper; Bill, being co-owner of the boatyard, expected to be the Second in Command; Hogs, the brains of the outfit, assumed the position of Naval Architect and Chief Engineer; and Itch and I became Feeble Bodied Seamen.

Immediately some obvious design defects became apparent. The weight in the boat seemed to be greater than our mathematical computations predicted; therefore, the water was approximately 1" below the gunnels and the right rear corner was dead even with the river. Mere breathing caused that corner to dip underneath the water and great quantities of water gushed into the hull.

By shifting weight, holding our breath and paddling gingerly we could almost remain afloat. Well, afloat only if Itch bailed like crazy. Engineer Hogs and Skipper Joe instantly commanded that the smallest Seaman be assigned to the problematic corner. Being the youngest and smallest I sat for the entire voyage with my rump submerged. My saturated pants and underwear rapidly created an itch that no scratch could ameliorate. It became paddle, paddle and scratch, scratch and paddle some more.

Our only hope for survival rested in the solemn belief that increased speed would create outflow of water, would keep more water from entering the boat and, if nothing else, hurry our adventure so we could disembark. I remember watching our lunch float away but we needed to keep up paddling pace to avoid catastrophe.

Struggling to our fullest, some genius decided the boat was errant because it lacked

a proper name. No doubt the esteemed Hogs, who was unquestionably the smartest we ever knew, proffered this particular concept. We all recognized Hogs as the resident scholar and philosopher and we readily agreed.

After some contemplative debate, suggested ideas and discourse on appropriate names, we turned to Captain Joe (the whole boat thing was his idea anyway) for official and mandatory approval. We came up with *Thresher* after the nuclear submarine that sank with all hands. We fully agreed that it was a good, proper and appropriately nautical name. Captain Joe concurred and *Thresher* it was.

The *Thresher* eventually reached the appointed bridge after sinking several times. A grateful crew thanked God that the Yellow River was so shallow. The boat was full of water and thoroughly waterlogged, making it nigh on impossible to turn over to dump out its watery contents. Leo was waiting for us and said nary a word about five muddy and soaked water rats that passed as the crew.

I do believe that the *Thresher* made only that one voyage. Certainly I was never aboard her again, and I am surprised that mom let me go in the first place. On the other hand, it might have slipped my mind to ask permission. Mom's consistent response to all requests was a pointed "NO!" I wasn't totally ignorant, so asking Mom for anything usually never occurred.

*Thresher* no doubt was salvaged and turned into a wooden go-cart or fort or tree house. Wood never was wasted and was used until a board had more nail holes than wood. Over 50 years later this magnificent boat remains a topic of reminiscence over a few beers whenever we get together, which isn't often.

Skipper Joe went on to become a pharmacist and take over my dad's drugstore. Bill, a gifted student who thought things like homework impeded his acquisition of knowledge, tragically died in an accident. I doubt if anyone has seen Itch in years.

Dr Hogs teaches at the Med School and the Law School at the University of Iowa while practicing medicine and law in rural Iowa, and he remains the smartest kid I ever knew. I am old, retired and in love with my West Wight Potter *Genny Sea*. Love of the water was born one summer day on the Yellow River in Iowa onboard a jon boat named *Thresher* and it has never waned.

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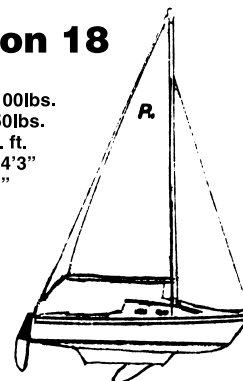
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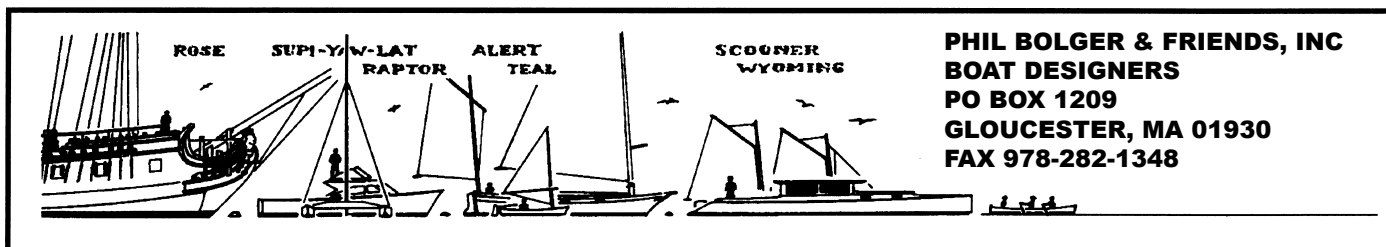
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Well, nothing much on a project of this size seems to ever be open & shut... at least when I find myself building each functional detail for the first time. Sure, after this many sheets of plywood, gallons of epoxy, clouds of paint fumes, the large structural and cosmetic basics of building a hull are well under control. So no excuses under the Newbie-label seem very plausible for the smaller stuff. And conceptually, hatches and bow gate are certainly simple enough: There is a hinge fastened to the hull somewhere allowing the given piece to move around one axis, likely open or closed, whichever...

Well, as Phil would put it, "frequent salutary embarrassment keeps your head straight..." or something like that. Take the simple proposition of the bow gate on this:

It has to be square, something that took some doing to have the topsides indeed arrive at the bow according to the design without a stem to pull both sides together. Installment #7 touched on this in the February issue.

Making it strong/thick enough to mount steps on was less of a challenge using 2"x1/2" ply along with edge-reinforcements.

While it would have looked intriguing to have the gate fit exactly between the topsides (car builders invest much pride in perfect seams between door and fender) the overlap protects the topsides' and hull-bottom plate's front edges and the gate's alignment when it hits first against another boat or a float, allows some off-center push, and eliminates the challenge of getting and keeping perfect what would have been a very obvious if imperfect gap.

Much tweaking of the respective geometries was necessary to arrive at a well-aligned horizontal rubrail, functionally and visually pulling that hull-protection together across her face.

Finally, in profile it had to more or less match the vee-nose profile curve. Designing all this is to come together is only the first step. Making it come together in 3-D has not been without challenges. (Picture #1)



Part of the, at times, inordinate time spent on such detailing is dedicated to establishing the simplest least hardware-intensive solution with hopefully the longest durability and easiest reparability. But here it is, more or less completed.

Two 1/8" stainless cables control the maximum lower extent of the bow gate hinge arc and carry the load of a person using the steps. Likely two split lengths of black

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design "SACPAS-3" (LCP)

Design #681: 38'10"x7'6"x12"x200hp  
(Eleventh in a Series of Articles)

### Open & Shut Bow Gate & Hatches

hose will stiffen much of the wire to keep it from sneaking between gate and topsides.

The two black ropes control the gate's descent and allow any part-open position of the gate via the cleats. The hinges and their bolts are brass and bronze, with stainless pieces perhaps within reach as well. The eyebolts, wire and clamps are stainless, with cleats nylon. (Picture #2)



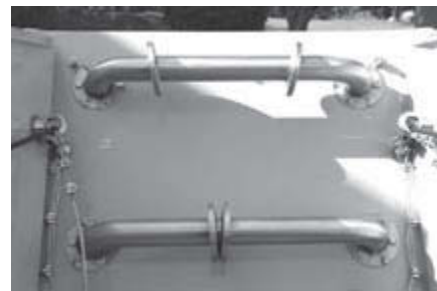
After the mistake of cutting the steel wires too short, the installed length now allows an additional few degrees of bow gate travel before it begins to stress the hinges with its contact with the bow's vee-nose rubber face and bronze fastener below. With this geometry established, the threads of the wire clamps were trimmed flush for least damage to gate and bow.

Finally, the bow gate upper edge will be likely armored by a full-width strip of the rubrail extrusion to allow that gate edge hitting hard surfaces. In closed position, the bow gate's horizontal rubrail should allow modest push duty, assuming a horizontal fender or two vertically hung units to account for the motion between the hulls.

The threads of the eye bolts and hinge bolts will be cut once it is clear that there is no good use for these extra inches of thread. (Picture #3)



As to using the gate to move into and off the boat, after some considering (and reconsidering) the bow gate steps were bought at the hardware store sourced from the bathroom department's range of brushed stainless steel grab bars. Each bar is through-bolted via welded flanges with stainless bolts and washers. (Picture #24)



A functional structural stress test with my 180lbs weight (all up) showed no cause for concerns. The steel cable limits maximum gate arc, with black rope and cleats allowing other positions. And that brushed finish is easier on the eyes from the helm and will cope with footprints and scratches fine. (Picture #5)



The cuddy hatches seem obvious enough as well. Keep the weather out when closed and offer an opening sequence that is solid enough to allow frequent cycling on a moving craft in windy conditions. Study of these two photos and a few remarks should explain the geometries involved, first closed and then opened up. (Pictures #6 and #7 Opposite Page Top)

The hinge geometries typically have to allow 180° movement. All pieces are controlled through stainless piano hinges. Not all bumpers, lanyards and gaskets are installed yet in these photos.

Unpredictable spot-inspections usually keep thinking straight and the assembly process on track. The walking through the installed windshield trick can be unnerving though... (Picture #8)







The cuddy hatch is in two parts. The forward raking windshield of the house would not allow opening and resting flat without a little hatch hinged transversely being flipped forward first onto the upper surface of the bigger hatch. Then, hinged on its starboard side, both pieces rotate to lie on the cuddy top's starboard side. In decent weather and cooperative sea conditions, that two-part hatch may remain open much of the time.

The companionway forward into the bow cockpit is opened via a bottom hinged panel that rotates outwards into the cockpit from up-vertical to down-vertical. (Picture #9)



You'll recollect from earlier discussions that the asymmetry of these cuddy hatches allowed having the hatches folded open without their forward edges protruding beyond the cuddy sides and thus risk getting caught on something coming alongside. By comparison, the aft hinged cockpit box covers were simple indeed. Ground tackle, lines, and stuff will be carried under what will serve as benches for up to four folks; we'd just not want to try to go very fast with that bow load. But there is enough footwell area for one or two scientists to set up their gear for deployment over the bow; with the gate half open and almost skimming the water, using a harpoon to tag large pelagic fish with satellite trackers would work crouching or lying on their bellies. For military purposes, she's to be fit to carry a combined 300lb load of gun mount and gunner at speed, good enough for a .50cal MG or a 40mm grenade launcher, or whatever such folks would deem good to put there... (Picture #10)



Completed, these bow gate and hatch assemblies seem and are simple enough; only the forward open narrow bins for bow lines are easier to build for the function. And yet, the at times aggravatingly slow process of assessing and reassessing hands-on certain simple design assumptions and then completing the functional detailing of these cuddy/bow/cockpit/gate pieces seemed in moments of impatience too man-hours intensive. except that its returns should indeed justify this prototyping effort. Not only that, the next one will go much faster.

Walking upright from the aft cockpit through the cabin, then through the cuddy, stepping into the bow cockpit, with the option of departing the craft via the bow-gate seems hard to beat ergonomically. One is always well protected. And in heavy rains, we'd be quick in our secure movements through the cuddy and keep the mattresses propped up vertically against her topsides far out of water's reach. Since she is too narrow for wide enough side decks, scrambling forward outside will likely never be a good idea, even if we could have hand rails on the top, something not doable if she is to fit her height into a 40-foot container...

More to come on the project.

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Thanks to L. Francis Herreshoff and John Gardner, the Herreshoff rowing boat we build is as close to perfection as it can get. However, the rowlocks available were most unsatisfactory so I set about inventing, designing and manufacturing the Gaco rowlock ([www.gacoarlocks.com](http://www.gacoarlocks.com)).

Still, there were the oars. If they were not heavy and clumsy they had poorly shaped blades. Enquiries at a racing oar manufacturer indicated a cost of over \$550 and no guarantee that a satisfactory rowlock would suit them. So I have spent about a decade on and off investigating how oars work in the water and the best way to build them.

In the following article I will describe three theories of how an oar works. Part 1 describes two theories and my investigations of them. Part 2 describes my investigation into a third, novel and apparently valid theory proposed by a chemical engineer. Part 2 also describes my final preferred design and its performance under racing conditions. A proper understanding of how oars work can inform oar selection and improve the rowing stroke.

A novel and simple way of shaping a stiffer and lighter shaft is described separately (the isosceles trapezoid shaft).

### The Sailing Oar

Faulted for failing to discover a light filament after 1,000 tries, Thomas Edison famously replied, "But now I know 1,000 materials that don't work." I'm in a similar boat. I have tried two known oar theories and have now come up with a third which works but may not be the complete answer.

The simplest theory, according to William of Ockham of Ockham's Razor fame, is most likely the correct one. In this case it happens to be, "To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction." (Newton's 3rd Law). That is, as the oar blade pushes on the water, the water pushes back. This theory has been elaborated in a scientific paper that excited me some years ago, "The force from the blade on the water is generally normal (at right angles) to the blade surface at all times. The only exceptions to this are at the catch and the release. This force can be broken down into the following two components; 1) parallel to the direction of the boat, and 2) lateral to the direction of the boat. The lateral force does not contribute to the forward motion of the boat. Between 70° and 110° degrees, the oar's angle with the boat's direction provides the greatest forward force on the boat. Ideally the rower's force should be highest when the oar is in this position." (Virginia Technical Institute, Mechanical Engineering, Tidwell 1998)

Well, "The lateral force does not contribute to the forward motion of the boat." It seemed logical, so I made an oar that is always at right angles to the boat to eliminate the lateral (sideways) force. The blade swiv- The articulated oar blade.



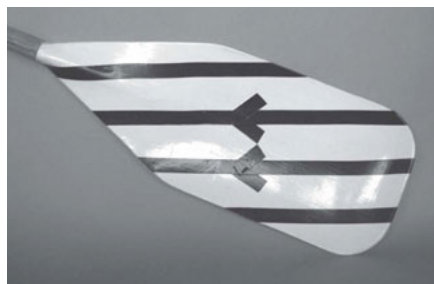
## The Rest Oar (Reaction, Sailing, Turbo Oar)

By JohnMurray

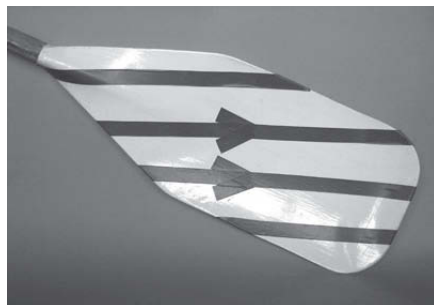
els at right angles to travel. Its angle is controlled by a lanyard attached to the gunwale.

What a disappointment! It was very easy to pull at the catch and release and not very efficient mid-stroke. However, it was a bit like going nowhere and moved the boat less than a conventional oar. I dumped the project but gradually figured out why it didn't work. Of course, at the catch the blade was going two-thirds sideways and only one-third aft. Although it was easy to pull, two-thirds of my action was being wasted. How then was the conventional oar so much more effective at other than right angles, when most of its energy was being wasted because "the lateral force does not contribute to the forward motion of the boat?" I have come to the following conclusions about this, especially for low load conditions.

1. For a well designed curved blade on a boat in motion, the water will flow over the blade at the catch as the boat moves forward, in the same way as the wind blows over a sail and drives a boat to windward. As a matter of interest the area of a normal oar blade is equivalent to a wind sail of 70 sm or 760sf when the difference in density between air and water is taken into account.



At the catch the motion of the boat induces the water flow as shown. The angle of flow over the blade corresponds to the angle of the oar in the water.

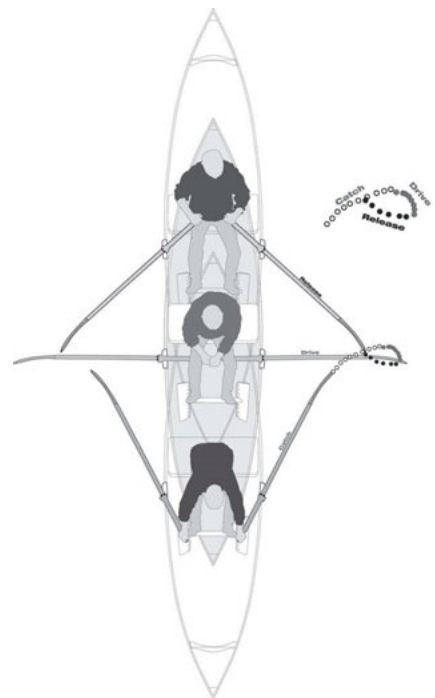


At the release the reverse occurs.

A failed experiment.



This does not apply to a boat getting underway as the blade will stall. This explains why starting strokes are short and close to right angles with the boat. Further readings on "hydrodynamic lift" in relation to rowing confirm my conclusion. They disclose the counterintuitive fact that the oar moves forward in the water by around 4" (10cm) during the rowing stroke. The following diagram, based on actual photos taken during a rowing stroke, illustrates this.



The above diagram shows the rower at the three stages of the same stroke (the catch is the start, the drive is the middle, the release is the final part). The dots represent the position of the blade in the water about every 5° of stroke. Notice that the blade sails forward in the water. This "sailing" occurs for 60° of catch and release while stalling or moving back in the water occurs for 40° of drive. It must be borne in mind that even a flat blade will appear to sail forward at the catch because of the forward motion of the boat. The aim is to make a blade that will sail better. (Data from *Hydrodynamic Lift in the Rowing Stroke*, Ken Young, University of Washington, June 5, 1997)

2. The lateral motion of the oar will now induce the water to flow over the blade rearward, creating a forward thrust in return.

3. Greater efficiency is offered at the catch as the oar is moving sideways into clean water. The parallel to this is the greater efficiency of a sailing boat on a reach (catch) than a run (drive).



4. When the oar is at right angles to the boat it loses energy through slippage. This slippage amounts to about 30% at the tip, which travels furthest. This argues for a shorter, wider blade but, for reasons of balance and clearance on the return stroke, this is not practical beyond a certain point.

Years ago I was interested to observe the native use of canoes on the remote island Tagula in New Guinea, where I had been shipwrecked. Although they had efficient paddles they would always use a pole to propel the canoes when the water was shallow enough. The pole had no slippage, of course, and gave close to 100% efficiency (in contrast to estimated efficiencies of 70-80% for racing oars and probably less for their paddles). They would allow their weight to fall backwards off the canoe while poling and push themselves upright, at the last, in the most skillful manner.

Excited about the interesting and counterintuitive theory of the sailing oar, I made a prototype oar that is shaped more like a sail to improve its performance. The leading edge is curved aft at 45° to the line of the shaft and the blade is curved lengthways and sideways to encourage nonturbulent flow. Testing with a hose showed the water attaching much better to the rear of the prototype.



The water does not attach to the rear of a more conventional blade.

The water attaches to the rear of the prototype for at least part of its length.



Now for the acid test, how would it work? Had I wasted my time again? I chose a calm day to test the oar down on the Hawkes-

bury River and opposed the prototype "sailing oar" against a more conventional blade of the same area, in which the blade curves evenly through 15°. The test had to be done under calm conditions. If the boat was carefully rowed with equal force on each oar, prototype one side, it should turn away from the prototype if more efficient and towards it if less efficient. After 20 careful test runs, eyes closed, eyes open, the dory consistently turned away from the prototype. It was even more effective when a long catch was used. The feel at the catch is of a quite refined performance, with a pull propelling the boat further than expected.

Sometimes the laws of physics work against us. In this case not so, the prototype is very much stiffer because of its more compound shape. This enables a lighter blade that has the important effect of reducing outboard weight where such a reduction will have most effect.

Where to from here? Well, of course, even more radical shapes are to be tested until the shape becomes too extreme.

## The Turbo Oar

After engaging in an informal consultation with a friend of mine, I have felt obliged to test a new oar theory. Col Putt is a chartered chemical engineer who now teaches at Sydney University. He has been fitted with so many titanium joints that he insists upon expiry that his body be taken to the scrap merchant. Upon visiting him in hospital where he was being fitted with another metal joint I gave him a draft of my article on the sailing oar.

A few days later he called back with an oar theory he was excited about, related to the mechanism of a centrifugal pump. A centrifugal pump has an inlet at its central hub and rotating vanes propel the water in a circular motion where the centrifugal force sends it through an outlet at the circumference. According to this theory, "the oar acts to project a jet of water away from the centre of rotation, in this case the oarlock. The curved end of the blade impels the water in a more effective direction for propulsion through most of the stroke." This analysis bears thinking about especially when designing the blade.

In discussion with Col, I suggested that I should increase the angle between blade tip and shaft to 55%.

"No" said Col "try 60%."

So I set to work and through some unexplained error ended up with an even more extreme angle change of 65%. The image below shows the blade shape and illustrates the anticipated, centrifugally driven, flow of the water during the stroke.

The Turbo Oar Blade A65. (number refers to angle between blade tip and shaft).



Tests were carried out on the three different types of blade, the reaction blade (A15), the sailing blade (A45) and the turbo blade (A65). The comparison tests were carefully carried out in waters unaffected by currents or wind. The oars were opposed to each other in tests repeated until results were consistent.

## Summary of Results

**Full Stroke:** The turbo blade was superior to both blades. In order to determine why and where it was superior, tests were then carried out comparing the blades at the catch, drive and release.

**Catch:** The sailing and turbo blades were superior to the reaction blade. The sailing and turbo blades were equal to each other.

**Drive and Release:** All types of blade were equal at the drive and release.

**Conclusion:** The order of blade performance was as follows; turbo blade, sailing blade, reaction blade.

It is interesting that the sailing blade is equal to the turbo blade when the different phases of the stroke are tested separately. However the turbo blade is very definitely superior for the full stroke. This result seems to support the centrifugal effect of the water where, "the oar acts to project a jet of water away from the centre of rotation." It is probable that breaking up and testing the stroke at its component parts prevents the turbo blade establishing a consistent flow of water along the blade. The action of redirecting the water aft, results in a forward reaction on the blade that increases its efficiency.

It helps to reconsider what is happening in the stroke. It must be remembered that the oar blade is changing the direction in which it pushes the water by about 90° during the stroke. That is, it pushes the water in one direction and then changes its direction, but the water it has been pushing continues in the previous direction and thus slips off the end of the oar. We are really talking about Newton's first law ("A body continues in its direction and speed of motion unless acted on by an external force") rather than centrifugal force.

## The Enhanced Sailing Blade One Last Test

It is well known that wings and sails get their most lift from the low pressure side. To enhance this lift every effort is made to prevent eddies forming as the fluid flows around the wing or sail. Since my "sailing" blade had a sharp leading edge, eddies could detract from the smooth flow over the blade. Consequently, I made a blade with a nicely rounded and faired leading edge, fully expecting it to have an improved performance.

The enhanced sailing oar.



Repeated tests indicated that the enhanced oar was slightly inferior to the unfaired sailing oar. It appeared that the turbo effect was more effective than the sailing effect. The unfaired blade allowed a cleaner exit of the water off the end of oar, while the faired blade caused eddies to form at the tip thereby obstructing the clean flow of water. Exit of the water off the blade is more important than entry onto it.

### The Acid Test

Easter Sunday each year, all and sundry have a rowing race around Dangar Island on the Hawkesbury River in boats considered suitable for safe island commuting. They must be able to carry three people in reasonable comfort and safety. The motto for the Dangar Dory Derby Day is, "No smelly engines, just smelly people." The most numerous rowboat is the Herreshoff rowboat. Now here was the place to test out the new oars.

I have to confess at this stage that I was trying to use a combination of tactics, technique and technology to compensate for my aging body in this race. A second turbo oar was made to pair the existing one and the pair was tried on the river. They seemed to exert such a grip on the water that my arms felt like they were pulling out of their sockets. Some would argue at this point for bendy oars but I preferred to change the mechanical advantage. Stops were put in place to increase the inboard to outboard ratio from 26% to 30%. Now the handles overlapped on the rowing stroke so the bottom spacer of one Gaco oarlock was trimmed off to lower one oar and facilitate overlapping. With some practice the overlap proved easy and enabled a longer efficient stroke that was quite comfortable and very satisfying.

Incidentally, the oar acts as a first order lever even though science teachers will correctly say that the load is at the gunwale and the fulcrum (pivot) at the blade water interface making it a second class lever. This would be so if the rower were to be standing outside the boat and pushing whilst himself stationary. For instance, imagine the oar completely outboard with the handle at the oarlock. For a rower, the boat would not move, but for a person standing in the sand and pushing on the handle there would be no problem.

However, for calculation purposes the oarlock is the fulcrum and the blade water interface the load. Thus if the oar is, say, 25% inboard then the blade (which is three times as far outboard) will travel three times as far as the oar handle. Thus the rower will move the boat about three times as far but with about one-third the force. Although we consider rowing boats slow, a well designed

craft will travel at about twice walking speed. We have to view the function of the oar as moving the water past the boat rather than the boat through the water.

If the turbo blade has less slippage, the rower may improve the force by moving the handle further inboard without losing any motion. In other words, what is lost by having to move the handle further is more than gained by the greater efficiency of the oar blade. In practise it enabled me to conserve energy for the 17-minute race by achieving the same performance with less effort.

### Technique

The resistance of a displacement craft through the water is proportional to the square of the speed. To go twice as fast requires four times the power so it is best to keep the speed as constant as possible. This means as quick a recovery as possible and a good effort at the catch. At the catch the boat has slowed because the oars have not been driving for a period and the rower's body has suddenly stopped moving aft, thereby acting as a brake. There is a temptation at the drive to pull harder and this can result in acceleration into a high resistance zone, with the stern squatting and the bow rising with not much increase in speed. This energy is best expended at the catch and to a lesser extent at the release.

As general rule it is best to use the same force through the whole stroke. As well, and this is an argument for overlapping oars, a long stroke is more efficient because energy is wasted changing the direction of movement of the body and oars at the ends of the stroke. That is, the fewer strokes the less energy is wasted. Small amounts of energy may also be conserved by relaxing the arms and body during the recovery stroke and by gripping the oars correctly. When D-shaped shafts are used, the effort required to hold the blade vertical in the water is obviated. Now the handle can be gripped simply by hooking the fingers around the handle.

Over the years we have had some rowers who train enthusiastically for this race, and there is somewhat of an atmosphere conveyed by some lines from an Australian bush poem:

"There was movement at the station,  
for the word has passed around  
That the Colt from old Regret had got away  
And had joined the wild bush horses  
He was worth a thousand pounds  
So all the cracks had gathered for the fray."

No quarter is given in the race and starters age from eight to 80. The only stipulation is that the island must be circumnavigated.

Tides can encourage tactics like rowing under wharves and across reefs. One year several boats found themselves stranded on oyster-strewn reefs. As they tore the bottoms out of their boats and their feet I thought I could hear mutterings of, "Oh well! It's all part of the rich tapestry of life."

The race record around the 1.46nm island is held by Rodney Bryson who smoked around the island at an average speed of 5.56kts, which is the theoretical top speed of the 15'9" waterline craft (top speed in knots for displacement craft = 1.4 times the square root of waterline length in feet).

As usual, I missed the inside running by involving myself in the running of the races, organising boats, etc. As I carefully maneuvered under the first wharf for a shortcut, Admiral Nelson came charging through and rammed me into the piles, losing me some time, thanks, Admiral! Then came the long slog across the south side of the island overtaking some of the sluggards. Then around the west side of the island where I gradually overtook Rodney and Jonathan who have both been keen competitors and former winners. Was it the oars? Or was it fitness? Then down the north side of the island to come fourth.



The starters range from eight to 80. Rodney, the race record holder, lines up with a future champ for the start.

What a fantastic result, three young fellas were ahead of me. First came Asher Ashford (aged 18) in a race record speed of 5.57kts. He was followed by David Tilley (aged 29, 5.49kts), Peter Miller (aged 42,

Asher celebrates his win.



Contemplating defeat by the new generation.





5.39kts) and myself, John Murray (aged 70, 5.26kts). Rodney Bryson came fifth (aged 46, 5.19kts) and down the pack a future champ Luka Dahl (aged 8, 3.11kts).

After the race Rodney rowed my boat to test a front view mirror I had fitted. He came back so impressed with the oars that he determined to make a new pair for himself.

Rodney related that, when he was front runner and record holder in the past, he used to carry the dory on his car all the time and at any chance for a training run he took it. It is worth noting that Rodney made his record using oars that looked somewhat like clubs, fitness trumps all. Of course, all other things being equal a decent set of oars will trump a poor set.

Colin has reviewed this paper and comments that he once watched some fellas rowing at Halfslo in Norway around 1973. As he observed these fellows confidently rowing away from upstream of a 200' waterfall, he was surprised to observe that they were using long saplings as oars. The ends were quite whippy and had no blades at all. So there you go! There really is more than one way to skin a cat.

Colin introduced himself to these Vikings whose names were William and Harold Hardarse. He concluded they were aptly named as the seats comprised two branches whose natural shape fitted the sides of the boats such as knees might and must have been hard on the butt. I have learned that the Vikings employed oars and seats described above, though they would flatten the rear side of the sapling where it entered the water.

There are many factors affecting performance but youth and fitness must be the most important. It is pleasing to see that size and



These Vikings couldn't catch us so there was no pillage and slaughter.

strength do not seem to favour larger people. The lighter weight of the smaller person lowers the resistance of the boat in the water. Even more pleasing for us is to see the young people getting involved and showing us older folks a clean pair of heels. There is a wonderful sense of community and sportsmanship involved with the day and no apparent generation gap. Asher is keen to get his own boat so he, his dad and I will be building two boats where he will not only acquire a boat but the boat building skills needed to make one.

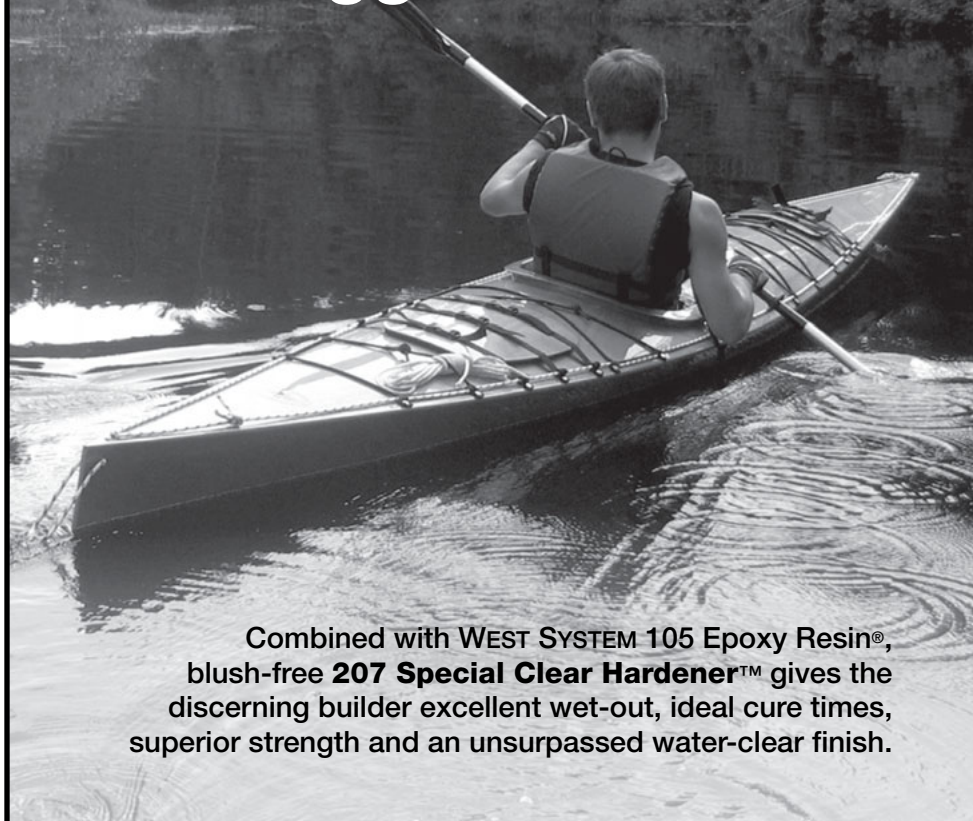
As far as the oars are concerned it seems all three theories apply to their efficiency in the following order: Action and reaction > centrifugal effect > sailing effect. Various readings imply that the efficiency of the racing oar is between 70% and 80%. I expect that the turbo oar has a considerable efficiency increase over some of the commercially available oars and may well be an improvement on the racing oar.

As far as the rowing race is concerned, the young fellas have shown their mettle so I will have to "...take kindly the counsel of the years and gracefully surrender the things of youth." (Desiderata)



(John Murray comes from Down Under and has invented and manufactures the Gaco oarlock. He has been rowing for longer than he cares to admit. He has built his own trimaran and sailed it around the world. He spent a year of his time sailing up and down the US east coast where he enjoyed the kindness, courtesy and eccentricities of the American people. He has worked as an industrial chemist, science teacher, boat charterer and in the copper mines at Bougainville.)

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BY

Commander R. D. GRAHAM, R.N.

AND

J. E. H. TEW, A.M.I.N.A.

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XXVII

WAVES

There is a certain amount of theory about waves which may be of interest. In deep water the profile of a wave is a trochoid curve. Imagine a wheel with a pencil fixed to one of its spokes; let the wheel roll along a level floor close to a vertical wall so that the pencil traces a line on the wall; such a curve is a trochoid.

The actual particles of water in a wave revolve with uniform speed in a circle perpendicular to the wave crest; the diameter of the circle is equal to the height of the waves and the particle makes one revolution in the same time as the wave advances its own length.

It is often stated that the water in a wave has no horizontal motion, but this is not quite accurate. At the top of the wave the water is actually moving forward; in the hollow it is moving backwards and at the middle part of the slope it is moving vertically up or down.

The length, velocity and period of waves are connected thus:

$$\text{Length} = \text{Velocity} \times \text{Period}$$

$$\text{Period} = \text{Velocity} \div 5\frac{1}{2}$$

$$\text{Period} = \sqrt{\text{Length} \div 5\frac{1}{2}}$$

Observation shows the above to be fairly correct except that velocities may be less than that given by the formula.

Waves occur in groups; the leading wave of a group dies out and another forms at the rear. The speed of the group as a whole is half that of the individual waves.

When a wave reaches a depth of water that is less than half its length the orbits of the particles become elliptical; the period remains the same, but the length and speed are reduced while the height becomes greater. In the English Channel with wind force 7 the waves should begin changing their shape abreast Portland. When the depth becomes too shallow to allow the complete formation of the undulation, the bottom of the wave is retarded and the top falls forward and breaks.

When the wind dies down the height of the waves diminishes rapidly, but the length and velocity remain unchanged. Such a swell may continue for many hundreds of miles and far outrun the disturbance causing it.

For waves to reach their maximum size a "fetch" of 600 miles is required. It would appear from this that the waves off Cape Horn would be no greater than those of the North Atlantic.

The form of waves and the rapidity with which they rise is much affected by the swell that was running before their formation.

In the North Atlantic the worst seas are found in the right-hand rear quadrant of the depression.

The following table put forward by Dr. Vaughan Cornish, and quoted in the *Marine Observer* (May, 1930) gives an idea of the sort of waves that are finally produced by winds of varying strength.

Wind Beaufort Scale	Period Seconds	Theoretical Wave Length Feet	Velocity Knots	Height Feet
6	7.2	262	21	17.5
7	8.9	404	27	21.7
8	10.6	575	32	25.9
9	12.6	813	38	30.8
10	15.2	1180	45	37.1
11	18.3	1720		44.8
12	22	2489		

40 to 45 ft. is the maximum height to which waves ordinarily rise in the North Atlantic, but there is a case on record of a wave 80 ft. high observed by S.S. *Majestic* in 48° 30' N. 21° 50' W. on 29th December, 1922, and which is considered authentic by the authorities at the Meteorological office.

Of more importance to small craft than the size of waves is the height of the breaking crest. Worth mentions 12 to 15 in. as a height not often exceeded. This is probably true of the ordinary summer gale, say force 7, but with stronger winds it is much higher. We know of no published information on the subject, but from our own experience suggest that in a whole gale in the open sea breakers some 6 ft. high form at the tops of the waves

XXVIII

DISTANCE JUDGING

It is often useful to be able to make a reasonable guess at the distance of an object; you can train yourself when sailing along the land and comparing your estimates with the measured distances from the chart. Land, if sufficiently high may be seen from over 100 miles, but around the British Isles your first landfall of the higher parts of the coast will usually be from 15 to 20 miles. In ordinarily clear weather detail, such as houses, trees, outlines of fields will begin to show up at 8 to 10 miles, but the position of the sun makes a difference; if it is behind you, detail will show up earlier than if in front. A lighthouse is generally picked up at 7 to 8 miles with the naked eye.

All Almanacs give a table for the distance of the horizon according to your height. The curvature of the earth is sharper than one might suppose, and for a height of 5 ft. the horizon is only about 2½ miles distant.

A close approximation of the distance of a light may be made by noting when it is first sighted. Add the "distance of horizon" for the height of the light to that for your own height, and the sum is the distance of the light; re-



member that the height of the light is given for high water, and a correction may have to be added for tide.

The dipping of a light in smooth water is very sharp; if you are standing when it is first sighted it will disappear on sitting down.

A light buoy is generally picked up at 2 to 3 miles by night.

If your table is not handy the following formula gives approximate results:

Distance of horizon in miles =  $\frac{1}{2} \times \sqrt{\text{height in feet.}}$

When passing through a straight with dangers on each side it is easy enough to judge the middle by eye in daylight, but at night, if the land on one side is higher than on the other, you are likely to think you are nearer the high side. Particularly deceptive is a ledge of low land backed by hills.

The following are taken from *Brown's Pocket Book for Yachtsmen*, by G. Prout:

Assuming the naked eye to be 5 ft. above sea level, the following are seen at about 2½ miles: the horizon line; a steamer with the white wash at her bows just visible; a beacon with its surface line on the horizon; a sailing smack or loaded barge not below the horizon, but with her hull showing.

A beacon with surface line just visible below the horizon; rocks whose surface lines just break the horizon all about 2 miles distant.

A fairway buoy of the usual size in important fairways, visible, but indiscernible as to colour and shape 1½ miles.

A man on the shore line or the low deck of a vessel or a quay, appearing just like a moving black dot; a large fairway buoy with colour just discernible all about 1 mile.

A man who appears to be a small moving vertical black line about ½ mile.

A man the movement of whose legs is just discernible; a rowing boat with the movement of the rower's arms discernible about 400 yards.

A man whose face is just discernible 300 yards.

XXX

### BAD WEATHER

When the wind is before the beam its increasing strength will be obvious enough. Do not press the ship. A yacht has an optimum sailing angle, generally when the gunwale is awash. (It may reassure a nervous passenger if he is told that a ship is designed to sail on her side.) If she is heeled more than this you will lose speed. If you are running, however, it is very easy not to notice the increase of wind. The difference between the feel of the wind when the ship is turned is amazing, and it is very easy for even the experienced man to get caught in this way.

If you have to tug at the helm you probably ought to reduce canvas. When in doubt luff into the wind, and see what it feels like. You should not carry so much canvas that you cannot luff without being overpressed. The reduction of canvas will make extraordinarily little difference to the speed but will cause the steering to be very much easier.

We like to reef the foresail early in the proceedings, generally when reduction of sail beyond the first reef in

the mainsail is required. Things happen very quickly and the secret of success is to be prepared beforehand. By the time the second reef has been taken in, and the jib shifted, it may be blowing hard and the foresail sheets will be rather unmanageable. Also when blowing hard it is a wet and awkward job sprawling on the forecastle to reef the foresail. If it blows really hard the sheets or clews of the headsails are nearly always the first thing to go; therefore reef the foresail early to lessen the strain.

It is a matter of choice whether you lower the foresail to reef it or take a line from the rigging to the reef cringle and reef it *in situ*: pass a taut lashing between the luff cringle and the stem. Do not bother to roll up the foot of the sail, just tie the reef points and bunch up the sail. This leaves an ugly bunch at the clew but it does not matter.

Where you do not mind losing ground it will be much easier shifting jibs, or doing any work on the forecastle, if you run the ship off before the wind.

When beating, keep the ship going a good full and pay no attention to the waves until the sea breaks on board forward with some violence. When this begins you can continue for a time by luffing up for the steeper or bigger waves. Put the helm down in time to meet the face of the advancing wave nearly end on, and put the helm up again before the ship has lost way. The object of this manœuvre is not so much to have the ship end on to the waves as to reduce her speed.

If, when running, an ugly sea curls up astern, put the helm up so that she will meet it exactly stern on. Do not gybe if you can avoid it, but you cannot bear up for the seas without running the risk of gybing. Note what we say on p. 130 about gybing.

If sailing with the wind abeam, luff or bear away as you please.

We do not recommend this steering for the seas. We prefer to reduce sail so that the ship can be headed in any direction without reference to individual waves. The last sentence may sound bold. It must be understood with intelligence and there may be isolated cases where a disaster may be averted by skilful handling. It is to some extent qualified by what follows.

As the weather gets worse you will have to make the decision whether to seek shelter or to carry on. There is always lots of time to make up your mind. If your harbour has deep water without sudden shoaling, and not much tide it will be safe to run for it. Try to avoid entering against the ebb. If it has a bar (even though there be plenty of water to float you), or a strong tide running over an uneven bottom, it will be perilous. Plymouth and Dartmouth are examples of the first, Salcombe and the Needles Channel of the second. The Sailing Directions will generally contain a warning. An artificial harbour such as Portland is generally safe, but at Dover there is a backwash from the breakwater which at times makes the western entrance unapproachable.

If you have ample sea room, and your ship is sound, and has not a big open cockpit, you will be quite safe at sea though extremely uncomfortable.

If you decide to remain at sea you will either heave-to or run. This depends firstly on your ship, and secondly

on where you are bound. If your ship has a watertight cockpit or one that can be made partially so, or if it is so small that one or two seas in it will not endanger the ship, you will be equally safe running as hove-to provided that you take the precautions which are mentioned later.

Suppose you decide to heave-to, pull the foresail to windward in line with the mast, haul in the mainsheet and lash the helm about half-way down; see how she lays and experiment with sheets and helm.

Your head sheets will very likely carry away, so reeve a preventer. The reefed mainsail will be putting a big bending strain on the boom; if it is not amply strong you might be able to get a rope round it to take some of the strain. The reefing gear will possibly break. The mainsail should have reef cringles in the close reef position; put lashings through these and ease back the reefing gear until they take some of the strain. See all gear on deck properly lashed, and put extra ropes round the dinghy. Then make a serious effort to get some hot food and drink. You may not feel hungry, and not want to bother, but it is worth making a real effort. If you do not eat at the proper time, even though you do not feel hungry, you will get exhausted and depressed and possibly seasick. Loss of morale on the part of the crew is a very real danger, and there is nothing like hot food to prevent it.

You can heave-to with the jib hauled aweather instead of the foresail, but the sheets will almost certainly chafe through on the forestay. If you have a spitfire jib, most probably you can keep it set and it will give you command of the ship when the foresail blows away. If your jib is stowed, it is a good thing to haul the halyard to the end of the bowsprit as an extra stay.

Your ship will now be safe until the wind increases above force 8 which it very rarely does in summer.

You will make good a course of one to two miles an hour nearly at right angles to the wind.

If the wind does increase to force 9 or 10 (see p. 108) the sea will get so big that the yacht will be thrown about, now broadside on, now head to wind. When the sails fill she will heel to an alarming angle. The crests of the waves will be developing into formidable breakers. If one of these catches the ship when heeled, she may be flung on her beam ends, or even capsized. The breaking crests, falling on the ship's side, strike the weakest point, and the one that offers the greatest resistance. We put forward the view, definitely, that the hove-to position is not the best one to withstand a storm.

As the weather worsens you may get seriously alarmed by the behaviour of the ship. There will be plenty of warning. Make some attempt to render the cockpit partially watertight by filling it with spare sails or cushions; get down the headsails and then the mainsail. The ship will then lie broadside on in the trough of the sea and will bob over the waves like a cork. You will probably be amazed at the safe and easy way in which she rides—but, and there is a substantial but, the tops of the waves will slop over the stern and the crests will break with some violence into the cockpit. It is not likely that they will break up things—yet, but if the cockpit is not watertight a dangerous amount of water will get below.

Lowering the mainsail in a gale is an awkward job, especially when short handed. Get the sheet right in and set up the topping lift. Pass a lashing through the lee scupper holes (if there is no better place) and round the boom; the ship will roll violently and you must get the boom secured somehow. Possibly a rope to the lee sheet block might do. If your topsail sheet is rove, make one end fast to a mast hoop and bring the other end aft as a vang. Get the tiers ready and some short pieces of rope for lashings. Let go the throat halyards, having secured the end and then ease the peak halyards several fathoms. Go aft and get hold of leech of the sail; you can pull in some of it and lash to the boom. Then lower the peak right down and you will be able to gather in the rest of the sail. If you can pull in the gaff with your topsail sheet it will ease matters. Try to prevent the mainsail chafing. It will do this if it lies on the deck, and also under the gunwale lashing.

If you have a sea anchor now will be the time to put it out, but unless you can set some sort of a riding sail it will have no effect whatsoever. (There may be a few yachts afloat with straight stem and deep forefoot which would lie to a sea anchor without a riding sail, e.g. *Tern II* in the gale of 1896, *Yacht Cruising*.)

Worth recommends the diameter of the sea anchor should be  $\frac{1}{10}$  of the L.W.L., more or less according to the profile of the ship. The length should be  $1\frac{1}{2}$  times the width and there should be a small hole at the apex. It cannot be made too strongly. Full specifications are given in *Yacht Cruising*.

Tripping lines and oil bags on an endless whip are only advocated, we suggest, by those who have never tried. Bend one end of your warp to the sea anchor and the other end to your anchor chain. Unshackle the anchor if you can, but never mind if the shackle is rusted up; let the anchor go overboard with the warp. You *must* have a few fathoms of wire or chain on the warp or it will surely chafe on the bobstay, and probably in the fairlead as well.

If you like you can get the sea anchor out before lowering sail; or you may set your riding sail first; it makes little difference.

When the sea anchor is overboard set your mizzen-reefed—if you have one. The ship will then ride nearly head to sea in perfect safety and with a considerable degree of comfort. This, undoubtedly, is the best of all ways to endure a storm.

If you have no mizzen some writers have advocated hoisting a jib aft as a riding sail. One of the authors has tried this. The tack of the jib was secured to the counter, head to the peak halyards and clew to the cabin top. The yacht lay perfectly, but it was impossible to prevent the sail flogging horribly at times. Had it not been a new sail of very heavy canvas, undoubtedly it would have blown away. He would not advocate attempting to do this and would not advise carrying a sea anchor in any ship without a mizzen mast.

When you no longer dare lie "a-hull", i.e. without any sail set, either because too much water is coming in aft, or because you fear that the breaking crest will stave in the hull, you must put her before it. Get out two warps, tie bundles of old rope, motor tyres or cushions on the



ends and pay out on each quarter. Tie up the clew of the foresail in a bunch and hoist the head a few feet. With the aid of the helm the ship will pay off and forge slowly ahead before the wind. Lash the helm amidships or as seems best. The ship will yaw six points on either side but will ride the seas with surprising security. A breaking crest will occasionally strike her, perhaps once or twice in an hour. Her stern offers less resistance than her side, and being struck end on, she can recoil more easily.

The slower you are moving through the water the safer you will be.

If you are running when caught out, the problem simplifies itself to one of merely reducing sail and speed until the ship is in the position just described. We see no point in ever heaving-to with a fair wind unless, of course, a large open cockpit makes it imperative to keep head to sea. Such a boat, anyway, should not attempt passages that entail the risk of being caught out in a gale.

If you allow the ship to run too fast you will probably get a big sea breaking into the stern (pooped). When you feel the ship carried along with the waves and not quickly responsive to her helm you should slow her down.

The danger of broaching-to is often described. If a ship is running fast and is swung round suddenly broadside by a big sea we suspect there might be a disaster. When forging ahead with hawsers astern she will frequently swing nearly broadside on, but this will not necessarily entail danger, and can hardly be called broaching-to.

We do not think that a keel yacht when lying a-hull is in any danger of being capsized.

If you have to lace a trysail to the mast, bend the lacing to the upper eyelet, come round before the mast to the next eyelet and then back again on the same side of the mast, so that the lacing never completely encircles the mast. It will not jamb so badly as if it went round and round.

We have no personal experience of the use of oil in bad weather. Apparently to be efficacious, it must be able to spread out, and form a smooth to windward. You are not likely to have oil bags on board; try pouring overside a cupful at a time; any animal or moderately thick mineral oil will serve; paraffin has very slight effect.

We do not think that a ship loses the wind when in the hollow of the seas.

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Even if you plan well it is likely that things will not be what you expect when you get old. You can prepare for what you think is every contingency, and then something else happens. It has been this way in my own life and I have seen it happen to others. Old age is not what I expected, and not only that, it seems to have come way too early for me.

I have also noticed that some old folks complain a lot, and the more trouble they have the more they voice it, often seeking out other old people so they can compare maladies. But occasionally I find those who are aging quietly and gracefully, accepting their lot and moving on as best they can, even enjoying life in between the pains.

My temporary friend Frank is one of the graceful ones, although he would never accept being called graceful. And I am the temporary friend in this case, having come to the coast for a week of hot, still weather, much too warm for late summer. Frank has lived on the Maine coast almost all his life, born and raised on the same plot of ground where his new house now sits with its commanding view of the sea he loves so much. He had been in the service, and after he was married he and his wife lived away for a while, but he had to come back. Now he is old, maybe a decade or more older than I, with twinkling eyes and a warm smile etched into his well-worn face browned from many years of work on the open water.

In his front yard sits a sailboat in a gray, weather-beaten cradle with high grass around its feet. The boat is so old and weather-worn itself that it is hardly identifiable, but it has a single aluminum mast with shrouds that clang against it in the wind, and a small cabin. It is maybe 25' long or so with a faded light blue hull, the paint worn through here and there to its base from years of use. Many evenings Frank will climb the old home-made ladder propped against the boat and lovingly fuss with things inside for a while. He tells me he would love to sail it but probably never

## The Lobsterman

By Hugh Groth

will again. He took it out a few times with his grandson in recent years, probably less recent than he remembers, but sadly the boy did not take to it.

At a little before 6am each day Frank loads his oars, a 5-gallon bucket and maybe a trap or 2 into his wheelbarrow and heads to the shore. He pauses briefly to appreciate the sun rising over the islands in the bay as it turns the smooth rocks to gold, the water sparkling like gemstones in the light breeze, the expectant gulls circling overhead. Then he climbs down the steps, loads his equipment into his little peapod and hauls it to the water. The little boat is so worn that there is no telling what the intended color of a long-ago paint job might have been, but it is a beautiful little craft. Like everything else on this part of the coast, it is a part of Frank and he is a part of it.

He pulls the little boat to the water, climbs in, and facing forward he slowly rows out to his mooring and transfers to his 16' outboard skiff. He starts his temperamental little outboard motor and putts over a few yards to check his holding pens, then heads out into the bay to check traps. His little boat moves slowly but soon the intended color of the motor is out of earshot. Meanwhile, the larger lobster boats far out in the bay roar to life over and over again as they move quickly from trap to trap. Although Frank has as many as 100 traps himself, he is not in their league.

About 11am he returns, stopping first at his holding pens, then motors over to the little peapod waiting at the mooring, transfers his bucket and himself, and rows back to shore. He steps out and pulls his little boat across the rocks and ties it above high tide. Soon he has

his oars and the bucket back in the wheelbarrow and he is pushing it up the road. He stops at our place and brings his bucket to the porch. Standing there, slightly stooped, wearing his sea boots, suspended trousers and a flannel shirt he gives us his big smile and says he has 2 lobsters for us. When asked, he says, "I'll take 7 dollahs for 'em." When I try to give him more, he says "No, not anothah dime. Might put me in a highah brack-et".

Later, in the evening, I meet Frank out on the road. He stands looking long at his boat, then at the sea, and says, "The sea and I, we nevah get tired of each othah. I need to live heah. I just like it." I feel privileged that he has shared his thoughts and his friendship with me. I guess some of us reach an age where we are no longer hesitant to let others know what it is we most enjoy, what it is we care a lot about. Maybe we come to the point where we know that what others think will not shake us, will not hurt us, or maybe we are more willing to risk it because we know what life has brought and is likely to bring. We know ourselves well and are secure in that. Frank seems to be content with who he is and where he is.

Later in the week a storm is brewing and all day, one by one the boats come out of the bay, even some of the lobster boats. It is late in the year and soon most would come out anyway, but not Frank's boat. He has seen it before, knows it will not be as bad as everyone thinks, and so he stays, the lone boat on its mooring. All night the storm howls, the tail end of a hurricane that has come up the east coast. The next day it is still raining hard, but the eye of the storm has passed, and there bobbing securely on its mooring is Frank's little skiff.

Some say that wisdom comes with age. I don't know about that, but I do know that wisdom does not always require words. Sometimes one can see serenity in a man, see what he overcomes each day, and watch how he handles it with grace and endurance.

## With Grace

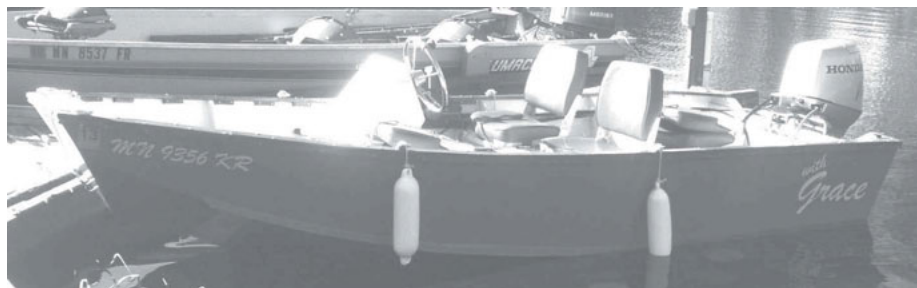
By Jack Mohr  
<johnmohr4@gmail.com>

*With Grace* is my 13' Garvey built of marine plywood with fiberglass. Started July 2010, launched April 2011 (9mos just like a baby!). Stitch & glue and elbow grease; creative problem solving and much pondering. Actual kit cost about \$1,500 (plywood/cutouts, initial resin/fiberglass cloth); production cost of addition resin, rubber gloves and stuff about \$3,000. I started out paying myself \$12/hr and ended with a big raise to \$125/hr (humor).

I am retired as of 2009. I have been wanting to build a boat (I have a 1919 17' Oldtown and a modern 17' kevlar Wenonah) and my wife Grace encouraged me to do it. I was surprised it floated (although in my dreams at night prior to launch it did not float!).

She is named for my wife. She wanted to know what I would name it if she died in 5 years, I responded *Without Grace*. This is the short and sweet. There also is a philosophical side to this project...but that is another story.

Here is a link to the building process:  
<https://plus.google.com/photos/107383602533770634699/albums/5639048464708268209>





I resurrected an old fuse panel, but had a problem with the positive connection between the fuse panel and the battery. The connection no longer existed on the panel (it was cut off at some point) so I had to create a new connection point. My first step was to go through my collection of electrical parts to see if I had the piece of copper needed to build the connector. Since I did not have what was needed, I thought about building one out of flexible copper wire. After more consideration, I pulled out a piece of 1/4" copper tubing and flattened it. I then drilled out for the bolt at one end and attached the other end to the positive strip on the panel. Now, I have a usable fuse panel when needed.

As the summer sun heats up the dock area, I need to consider any dock hoses I have. Every so often I see a hose sending out a stream of water from a split in the hose caused by the build up of pressure from the sun shining on the hose. To prevent such an occurrence, I turn off the water at the faucet and open the connection at the other end of the hose. A lot of people have a squeeze nozzle at the end of the hose and leave it closed without turning of the water at the faucet. If the water is turned off at the faucet and left on at the other end, the pressure does not build up and burst the hose (or a fitting).

Some of the stainless steel bolts on the Sisu have caused a bit of rust stain on the exposed section inside the hull. The bolts are part of the rub rail and have not been touched since the boat was built in 1985. While not a structural problem, the stain does not "look nice". My first try at cleaning things up was to use a circular wire brush on a drill. This did not work very well. My next thought was to look on the Web (and contact some people) about a product to do what I wanted. One suggestion was muriatic acid, while another was oxalic acid. Both will remove the stain

## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew  
(Tallahassee, Florida)

on the fiberglass. But, it was noted that the muriatic acid may also remove the fiberglass. While the muriatic acid is a liquid, the oxalic acid comes in power form and I can mix whatever strength I want for the project.

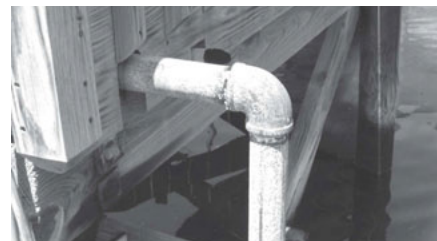
For some reason, the Sisu's Westerbeke diesel has been running hotter than normal after about 20 minutes of operation. The temperature gauge goes up to the proper point and stays there for a bit and then climbs about 20° and sets at the new position. Since I redid the raw water pump a while back, my first thought was the heat exchanger. Then, of course, there is the gauge, the sending unit, the thermostat, or the raw water exhaust. This is one of those times that having my boat on a trailer would be a nice feature. Granted, I would have to tow the rig to the launch site, launch and then recover the boat and bring it home, but with the boat in my back yard, I could work on things as time permits. As it is, the boat is elsewhere and I can only work on it on the weekends. Progress on such things as an engine cooling problem can take a while.

One of the quicker parts to replace is the thermostat. To test the thermostat, I remove it from the engine (not that hard a job with the Westerbeke) and use a double boiler to heat the water and see if the thermostat opens when it should. Thus, off to the kitchen with the thermostat. I put water in the bottom part of the double boiler, place the thermostat in the top part and add water to the "rim" of the thermostat and heat. The water was raised to 180° and the thermostat did not open. Since the thermostat is supposed to open around 170°, I may have found the problem. If not, on down the list:

Raw water impeller (changed).  
Heat exchanger (checked).  
Thermostat (replaced).  
Raw water outflow (exhaust elbow fouling?).  
Flush raw water system.  
Flush fresh water system.

I had not thought about the raw water output until I talked to a service manager who noted that the water has to flow out just as well as flow in. He noted that where the raw water enters the engine exhaust elbow there can be a build up of deposits. If the water cannot flow out properly, the heat exchange problem can give the same indications as if the impeller is not doing its job. Perhaps in the next column, I will have a report on what was found?

Many years ago, I needed to attach a float to the piles that held the structure that held the boat (a Sisu 22) on a lift. To carry the load, the structure was well braced and there was no place to install a standard float. Rather than sink additional piles, I went with an inexpensive alternative using two 10' lengths of 2" diameter galvanized water pipe, 1' sections for the off-set, elbows, and flanges as needed. There was an elbow at the top and bottom of each pipe section with a 1' extension added and a flange for the lag bolts. When assembled, the whole metalworks was painted and installed with lag bolts. The result gave me two "posts" to attach the float to and the ability for the float to raise and fall with the tide. At this point, it is a bit rusted and needs replacement, but the concept worked out quite well.



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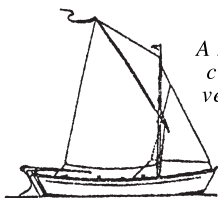
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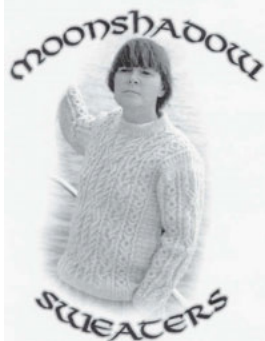
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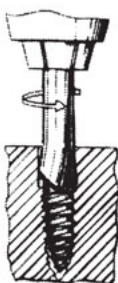
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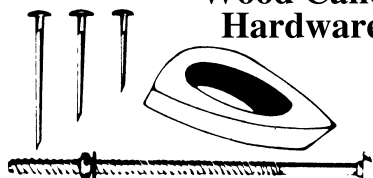
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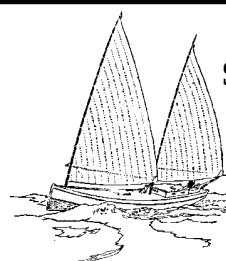
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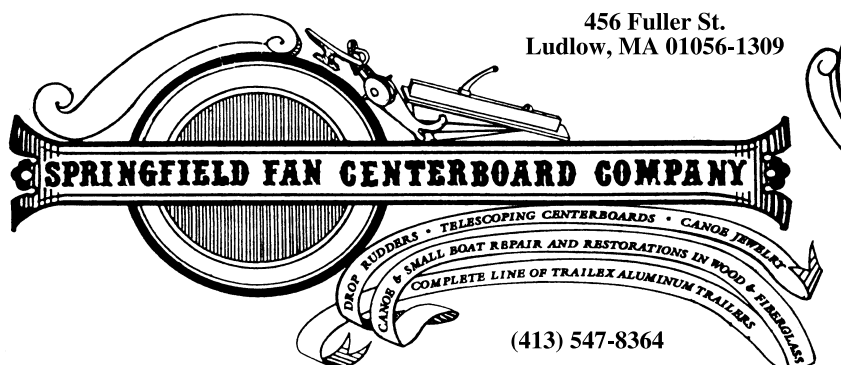
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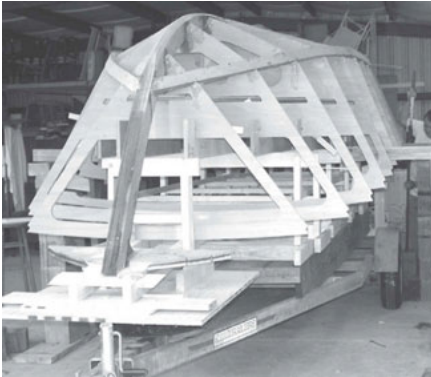


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# CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

## BOATS FOR SALE



**Bartender 22 Frame Kit**, almost ready for planking w/plans & instructions. This can be moved on a boat trailer with 2 2"x12"x16" planks under it, (we have done it). Located in south Georgia near I-75. \$2,200obo. Also 30 sheets of 3/8" marine plywood BS 1088. \$40/sheet located NW Florida. Email for more info.

DAN HOUSTON, Santa Rosa Beach, FL, (850) 499-5200, sportboat16@hotmail.com (8) (P)



**25' Rhodes Meridian**, '61 classic Hull #8, constructed in Amsterdam, Holland. Awesome coastal cruiser. Bullet proof hull, 6' headroom, berths & head. Wood mast, lines, paint and sails (1 set fully battened & 1 set classic). Recent. 5hp Tohatsu & trlr, many extras. Stored undercover. Must sell, health. \$15,000 firm.

MARK PICURRO, ME, (207) 244-4311. (8) (P)



**Bolger Birdwatcher 2**. Solent lug rig w/jib. Constructed w/Philippine mahogany framing, coke bottle green Lexan house. West System® epoxy. Sailrite sails in exc cond. '09 aluminum Road King trlr & 2hp Honda o/b. Featured in May/June '11 issue of *Small Craft Advisor*. \$9,500. REX PAYNE, Spring Hill, FL, cell (317) 626-1973, rkpayne96@yahoo.com (8)

**O'Day 23 Sailboat**, '84. 1 owner. Comes w/cradle, Johnson 9.9 w/inboard controls, mainsail & 4 headsails, anchor & rode, porta-potti, sleeps 4. Vy gd cond inside & out. In water on Lake Sunapee in NH. Asking \$5,500. Slip available for 2012 season at favorable rate.

CRAIG LEWIS, Enfield, NH, (603) 632-5930, craig.lewis@fleckandlewis.com (8)

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Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

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Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to [maib.office@gmail.com](mailto:maib.office@gmail.com). No telephone ads please.



**16' Pulling Boat**, marine plywood planked. Made from Whisp plans. Double oak gunwales w/spacers, Shaw & Tenney cane seats & 7'oars w/leathers. Trlr incl. \$1,200.

MALCOLM HALL, Cherry Tree, PA, (814) 743-5258, macknme@pennswoods.net (8) (P)



**22' Marshall**, '72, for sale by 2<sup>nd</sup> owner. 22hp Palmer gas engine runs like well oiled sewing machine, looks terrible. Open layout below, all gear, been to Maine and Chesapeake Bay more than once. Located in Bricktown, NJ. \$17,500. Due to my health and age my honey must go.

BOB REDDINGTON, 235 Lake Ave., Bay Head, NJ 08742, (732) 295-1590, (732) 814-1737. (8) (P)

**Cheers C&C 24 Competition Model**, '77 in storage for years I'm 2<sup>nd</sup> owner. Vy gd cond w/new Johnson 9.9ob, new rigging, new cushions. Sails in gd cond, spinnaker, main, jib w/new Harken roller furling. Pictures, list of equipment & the original owner's manual. Reluctant sale due to my health condition. Spring price before launching \$12,500.

**16' '10 Wenonah Adirondack Canoe**, tandem touring model Maine Guide recommended, new, never used. Cost \$1,295, sell for \$995.

MERV TAYLOR, Lincolnville, ME, (207) 763-3533, merv@tidewater.net (8)



**Whisp**, 15.5' long ultralight designed by Steve Redmond. Built of 4mm & 6mm occume plywood, Sitka spruce, ash, western red cedar, oak, birch & southern yellow pine. Standard & push/pull tillers. Oars. Cover. Sitka mast & boom. Wheeled cart to move on land. Can be cartopped. Silicon bronze fastenings. Bottom & garboard coated with Dynel fabric set in epoxy. System 3 epoxy encapsulation & LPU paint. Funnoodle flotation. Sailrite kit sail. Leeboard hardware by Springfield Fan Centerboard Company. Will also take electric o/b. Hull weighs 75 lbs. Gd cond. \$1,250. Photos available by email. Pictured sailing reefed.

STEVE LANSLOWNE, Austin, TX, slansdowne@sbcglobal.net (8) (P)



**19' Bartender**, classic planing powerboat designed by George Calkins in as-new cond. Completed during the winter '08-'09 by Bill Childs of Bartender Boats, Bellingham WA. Double-ended hull 19' overall, mahogany frames & backbone, fir/epoxy hull & self-bailing decks, custom raised foredeck & safety glass windows, instrument/steering dashboard. Comfortable viewing for drivers 6' & over. Less than 60 hours on '10 4-stroke 50hp Honda OB (installed by Bill at Bartender) w/ twin Honda day tanks, fuel selector valve, in-line filter/water separator & spare Honda tank. Custom Sunbrella top w/ side windows and full zip-on stern deck cover by Boates Canvas, North Vancouver BC (the best!). Hull & topsides protected w/EasyPox coatings. All cleats, fittings etc are s/s. Incl safety equipment (fire extinguisher, flares, lifejackets), custom tie-up lines, fenders & lots of spares (tool kit, fuel & oil filters etc.). Also incl a licensed Calkins trailer w/new submersible LED lights & wiring harness. Winter stored in fully-enclosed shelter. All in 1st class cond. The finest Bartender 19. \$13,800.

DAVID, W. Vancouver, BC, david@eagleharbour.com (8) (P)

**14' '56 Chris Craft Barracuda Runabout**, plywood kit boat. Hull sound & dry, 90% original hardware. Vy gd cond. '56 Johnson 30hp OB runs well, original 6gal gas tank. '52 Taggen trlr. \$4,500obo. **12' Teal Sailboat**, Harold Payson Instant Boat, Phil Bolger design. Grt cond, w/mast, sail, rudder, cb, oar locks. \$450.

BOB SALTZMAN, DE, (302) 537-4286, (302) 841-8418, docpropsretired@aol.com. (8)





**'66 O'Day Javelin**, restored, in vj gd cond. FG hull, decks & seats; galv steel c/b, kick-up rudder, new mahogany tiller & extender finished bright; oars & oar locks, sails; crisp Snipe main & Javelin working jib. Detachable o/b bracket, mooring cover. New Unipoxy bottom paint. Old, sturdy Mastercraft trlr w/new bearings & bearing buddies (no papers). 4hp Evinrude long shaft incl. Located on Lake Candlewood, New Milford, CT. Asking \$1,200. Call for additional details. BOB GROESCHNER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-8048, capseaweed@hotmail.com (8) (P)

**Com-Pac 16 '79 F/G Sailboat**, w/tilt-trlr ('87). Both in gd+ cond, trlr road ready w/new bearings. Cuddy cabin w/room for 2 to sleep. Good sails (main, jennie & spinnaker) & rigging. Stubby keel (works fine on our shallow lake). Vy Stable. To see specs: Google "Com-Pac 16 Specifications". Dark blue w/white deck. Ready to sail. Asking \$3,100 OBRO, a vy reasonable price for this class w/many similar going for over \$5K. Located on lake in Freedom NH 40 miles due west of Portland, ME. I can arrange delivery for a reasonable distance. Email me for pictures. Check out Com-Pac 16 boats on the internet. It is a fun boat vy easy to load & tow. This model has become almost a cult classic. Many Com-Pac 16s were made and there are a lot of very helpful owners active on the internet, some areas have active sailing clubs. Unfortunately, I am too old to sail anymore. SCOTT CUNNINGHAM, (917) 374-0946, scottcfreedom@aol.com. (8)

**'05 Bristol Skiff**, w/30hp Mercury 4-stroke + trlr. \$12,600. **15' Dynamite Skiff**, Bolger design w/15hp Suzuki. \$450. **17' Class A Catamaran**, marine plywood, 29' mast, fully battened North sail, 195lbs. \$1,000. **DN Iceboat**, w/Saltonstall mast & Pope sail + wooden mast w/Bower sail. \$1,500. **Force Five**. \$450. TOM WITHROW, Wilton, ME, (207) 645-2319. (8)

**1953 Lippincott Comet #3216**, refinished '01. True cream puff competitive lightweight Comet. Original spruce mast & boom. Mast has aluminum tube aft for bolt rope & is fitted w/shortened Star spreaders, as it is a 7-stay rig. Teflon coated aluminum c/b, Dunkleberger traveler, faired mahogany rudder, 1 suit Beatons in vj gd cond, custom lift-off trailer w/big '36 Ford spoke wheels, rigged & unriggered covers. Stored outside only during sailing season; always stored inside since '04. Has won a cabinet full of silver incl the Stone Trophy at '67 Internationals & Fleet 167 championship several times. Chesapeake green hull, cream deck, varnished interior. A true 9 out of 10. \$2,200. HERB CLARK, (315) 963-8210, arabella\_81@hotmail.com (8)

**George Hinterhoeller Dinghy**, (became C&C yachts), fg, 13'6"loa x 56" beam. Believed to be built in '67 (from hull serial number). Not the prettiest or lightest boat, but vy gd sailer. Positive flotation in seats & bow. New balsa core & fg/epoxy inside bottom. Aluminum mast & boom. Perfect trainer or just for messing about. Sails in gd usable cond, a couple of minor sail repairs may be needed eventually, nothing major, can be sailed as is. Water ready. No trlr. \$850. **10' Rowing/Sailing Skiff**, built from Clarkcraft PB-17 (Pakette 10) plans approx. 40 years ago. Nice looking simple & light. 9'4"loa x 4'6" beam. Fir ply finished bright inside & paint outside, epoxy coated inside and out, glassed seams. Have sails aluminum mast, bright finished boom, & oars. VGC ready to go. \$775. **9'8" Rowing Skiff**, sealed down Weekend Skiff. Meranti ply & glass/epoxy covered. Black paint outside, bright inside. Boat only, no oars. \$425. Lots of years left in all these boats. Delivery possible within a hundred miles or so with pre-payment. GREG GRUNTISCH, Lancaster, NY (Buffalo area), (716) 681-1315, grundy@fantasiadesign.com



**19'6" Rescue Minor Skiff**, by William Atkin, launched March '09. Shallow draft (8"). Hull is composite encapsulated w/epoxy, outside hull & decks covered w/6oz cloth for low maintenance. Frames trim grade KDAT southern yellow pine. Bronze fastened (yes, Virginia, the shelves & deck beams are fastened w/HD galv bolts). Chines & sheer clamps steam bent yellow poplar. Stem, box deadwood, engine beds all 2" mahogany. Hull planking fir marine plywood sides 3/4" (2 layers 3/8"), keel 1-1/2" 2 layers 3/4". Engine Yanmar 3 GM 20, 20 shaft hp, 2.61 reduction gear. 13" 3-blade bronze prop protected by grounding shoe. Bronze stern tube & PYI drip-less packing gland. Custom tiller steering. 26gal welded aluminum Diesel tank. Fuel consumption less than 1/2gph. Battery is Interstate Group 27 w/main switch. Electrical bonding system. Wiring connector's heat shrunk tagged & numbered. 2 bilge pumps, 1 manual & 1 automatic/manual. Florida title & registration. Ritchie Power Damp compass, Garmin GPS 182 color. Navigation lights, horn, fuel gauge, rod holders, rod storage rack, dry storage in bow. Deck cleats, bow eye, stern lifting eyes, Engine box, console cover. 1st Place Winner, '09 Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival; Florida Maritime Museum, Cortez, FL April 18th. Best In Show. Launch '09 Apalachicola Classic Boat Show; April 25th. Custom built galv trlr. Can deliver all or part-way for reasonable mileage. This could be your great grandchildren's boat. A video taken from this boat can be seen, Google: youtube Blackwaterbml and select the TuckerBayouFL video. Located in NW FL. Asking \$39,000. CAPT. DAN, (850) 499-5000, captndan50@hotmail.com (7)

**Chesapeake Light Craft Passagemaker**, strongly built for rowing. 2 years old. Vy light use. \$850. **Bolger Light Dory**, vy well built w/advice from Dynamite himself. See photo in May-June, 2012 *WoodenBoat* "Launchings". \$800. Oars also available. Both built of epoxy over marine plywood. email for photos. Located in NYC. MARTIN SCHULMAN, Woodside, NY, (917) 559-8505, martinbarn@hotmail.com (7)



**Coot 27' William Atkin Skipjack Schooner**, vy gd cond. Marconi main, gaff fore, jib on a furler. Atomic-2 low hours. 2 burners & a sink, head. Sails older but in vgc. Spruce spars & mast. Mast may need refinishing. Steel cradle. Lots of extras. Stable, seaworthy, a beautiful sailer. Asking \$9,500. Located Buffalo, NY. GREG GRUNTISCH, Lancaster, NY, (716) 681-1315, grundy@fantasiadesign.com (TF) (P)



**12'6" Marisol Skiff**, gunter sail rig w/Trailex trlr, lateen sail rig, 2 hp ob. \$2,500obo. **Pacific Watersports Thunderbird**, w/BSD sail rig, lateen sail rig w/Trailex trlr, Trailex kayak cart available. \$1,500 OBO FLOYD BEAM, (267) 968-0144, fwbeam@gmail.com (7)



**12' Peapod**, glued lapstrake construction. Featured on cover of Sept/Oct 2011 issue of *WoodenBoat*, & in the subsequent 2 issues. In new cond, w/fresh paint & varnish. 12'x4' x85lbs. \$3,000 w/sailing rig, \$2,250 w/o rig. ARCH DAVIS, Belfast, ME, (207) 930-9873. (7)



**18' Yawl**, full keel, shallow draft (19"). Built '05. 4hp 4-stroke Nissan. EZ Loader trlr. Walker Bay dinghy. Many extras. \$6,900. **Bolger 15'6" "Surf"**, good spars, sail, leeboard & rudder. Hull needs some work. \$350.  
DORIE KLIMSHUK, S. Orleans, MA, (508) 255-7411. (7)

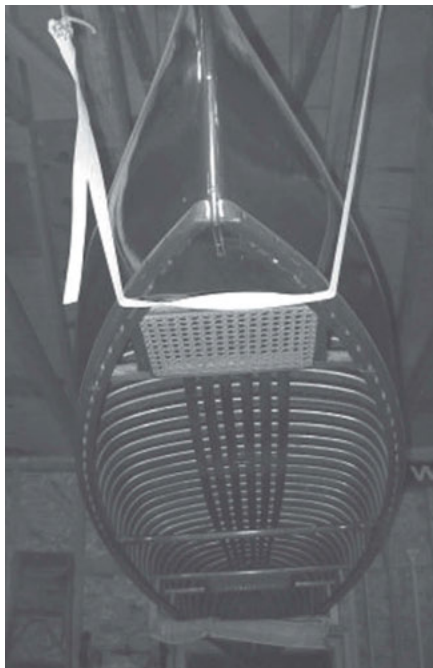
**23' O'Day Sloop**, ca '73, vy well constructed. Slps 5, sitting headroom in 2 cabins. Roller furling, 9.9 ob (35hrs). New trlr w/surge brakes. \$3,600.  
DOC CASS, Central ME, (207) 683-2435, dc.cass@gmail.com (7)

## Still For Sale

By Dan Houston  
captan50@hotmail.com

Attached is a picture of my Rescue Minor, which I recently advertised in *MAIB* (June 2012) and is still for sale.

I still have a Jericho Bay lobster skiff to finish, I got distracted doing a major refit on a 1974 Willard Vega 30 I bought a year ago in Maryland.



**1940 13' Old Town Canoe**, ash wood, canvas covered professionally fully restored in early '90s by Bill Clements of Billerica, MA. Serial #140744. Weighs approximately 50lbs, in like-new showroom cond. Ideal for pond/stream use or show. Currently belongs to William (Bill) Zimmerman Jr, whose father was William G. Zimmerman Sr., a New Hampshire state legislator, conservationist and sporting goods dealer in Keene NH. William Sr. and his brother John owned and operated Zimmerman's Sporting Goods and Garage in Keene from 1918 to 1981. See this web page for the ad appearing on the WHCA website: <http://wcha.org/pp-classifieds/showproduct.php?product=268> \$3500 oro. Please call Bill if you're interested in talking with him about his father, the canoe, or anything having to do with fly fishing or the NH outdoors: (603) 863-7182. Email Bill for more information about this canoe: bill-ruth7182@comcast.net (7)

**13-1/2' Jim Thayer Livery Whitehall**, w/7-1/2' Shaw & Tenney spoon oars & galv trlr. This classic was delivered by Jim & Jan in March '93 & has brought many hours of pleasure. In exc cond, vy little use in past 10 years. Asking \$2,000obo.  
DAVE WARNER, Saranac Lake, NY, (518) 891-2222. (7)

**Swampscott Dory**, right out of Gardner's *Dory Book*. White cedar planks, white oak frames, copper riveted. Sails, 1 pair 8' oars, 3 rowing positions, electric troll motor, bilge pump (only needed for rain water) & life jackets. Trailerable on simple utility trlr. \$750 for the above or \$1,000. w/large tire utility flat bed trlr.  
BOB GUESS, Norfolk, VA, (757) 440-1101, bobguess@cox.net (7)



**'94 Helton Marine Solo 2**, 17'x7'4"x2'. Modern concepts applied to a catboat; rotating reef/furl composite mast, winged ballast keel, running lights, Fortress anchor/tackle, '03 5hp 4-cycle Honda, '05 Hood sail, ss hdrwr, transom ladder, mast crutch, Venture galv trlr. \$4,200.  
MACE BELL, Clinton, CT, (860) 669-2177. (7)

## BOATS WANTED

**For Use as a Picnic Launch**, a fiberglass hull that holds at least 6 people. A wide beam sailboat hull w/small cuddy (not required) might be best. Length: 19' to 22' (such as a Mariner 19 or a 19+ Catboat hull.) A launch type hull, big dory or similar boat would also work. If a sailboat hull, it must have a c/b not a keel. Rigging & sails not required but preferred for future resale. Trlr preferred. I will pick up in northeast location. It needs to be reasonably priced or even donated to a 77 year old ex-sailor who wants to stay on the water.  
SCOTT CUNNINGHAM, (917) 374-0946, scottcfreedom@aol.com (8)

## GEAR FOR SALE

**4 WC 1-1/2" Bronze Pintles**, fit 1-1/2" thick rudder, never used, pintle is 4-3/4", side is 5", \$20/4 or \$10/2 a pair.  
BOB GUESS, Norfolk, VA, (757) 440-1101, bobguess@cox.net

**Tohatsu O/B**, '07 4hp, 4-stroke, long shaft w/approx 50 hrs on it max. \$950 firm.  
SCOTT CUNNINGHAM, (917) 374-0946, scottcfreedom@aol.com. (8)

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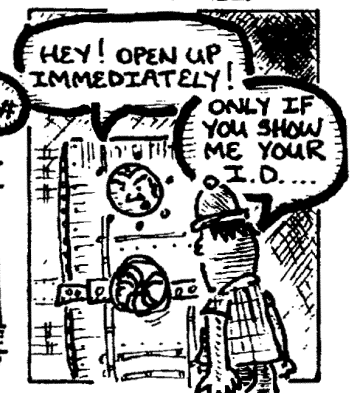
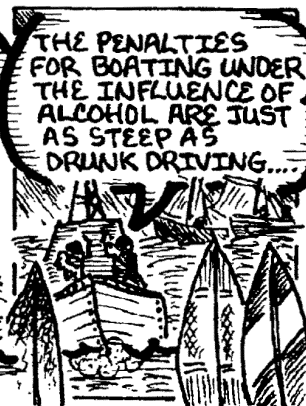
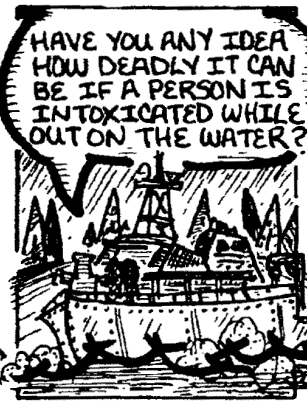
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Jun 29-Jul1 WoodenBoat, Mystic, CT \*\*  
July 6-8 Berkshire Arts Festival, MA \*\*  
July 20-22 Lakeside Living Expo, Gilford NH \*\*  
August 3-5 Antique & Classic, Clayton NY \*\*  
Aug 10-12 Maine Boats, Rockland ME\*\*  
Aug 17-19 Montreal Classic Boat Festival \*\*  
Aug 18-19 Garrison Arts Fest, Garrison NY \*\*  
Sept 20-23 Norwalk Boat Show, Norwalk CT  
Oct 4-8 US Sailboat Show, Annapolis MD  
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William Lange